Methodist Magazine and Review.

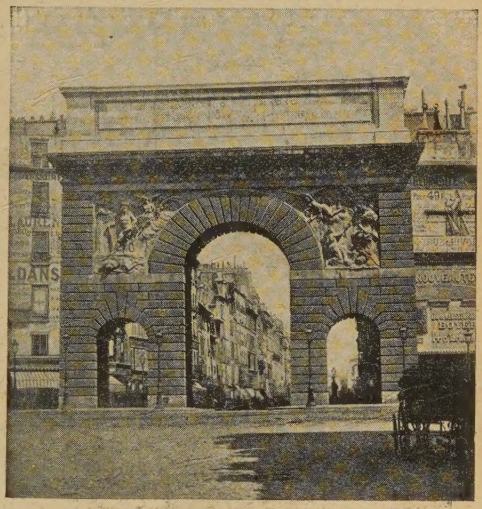
JANUARY, 1903.

PARIS THE BEAUTIFUL.*

BY H. H. RAGAN.

IT would be difficult to conceive of two cities within a day's ride of each other more thoroughly unlike than London and Paris. You take breakfast in London; you may take late dinner the same day in Paris. But you would think you have travelled into another world. London, built of bricks, which the smoky atmosphere has turned almost black, is sombre and funereal. Paris, built of marble, or a yellowish white limestone resembling marble, is bright, gay, and sparkling. London impresses you as solid, substantial, immense, and intensely interesting, but not beautiful. Paris is much more than beautiful, it is magnificent. In London the chief interest centres in the past. You linger about the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the Temple Church, because they carry you back many centuries along the path of history. In Paris you live almost wholly in the present. The few remaining relics of antiquity still to be discovered here seem strangely out of place, and it is difficult to believe in them. Everything speaks of the living present.

It was about the beginning of the fifteenth century that Clovis, the first of the Frankish kings, finally succeeded in driving out the Romans and making Paris the capital of the Frankish monarchy. By the year 1789 it had grown to be a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants. In the century which has since elapsed Paris as a part of France has turned more political somersaults, I venture to say, than any other important city on the globe. First a Bourbon monarchy, then a republic, then a directorate, then a consulate, then an empire, then the old Bourbon despotism restored, again an empire, and still again a republic. If you add to the list the two "Reigns of Terror" you will certainly be amazed at a people who could manufacture such an enormous amount of history in so short a time.



PORTE ST. MARTIN.

You have read, perhaps, of the

* From The Chautauquan.

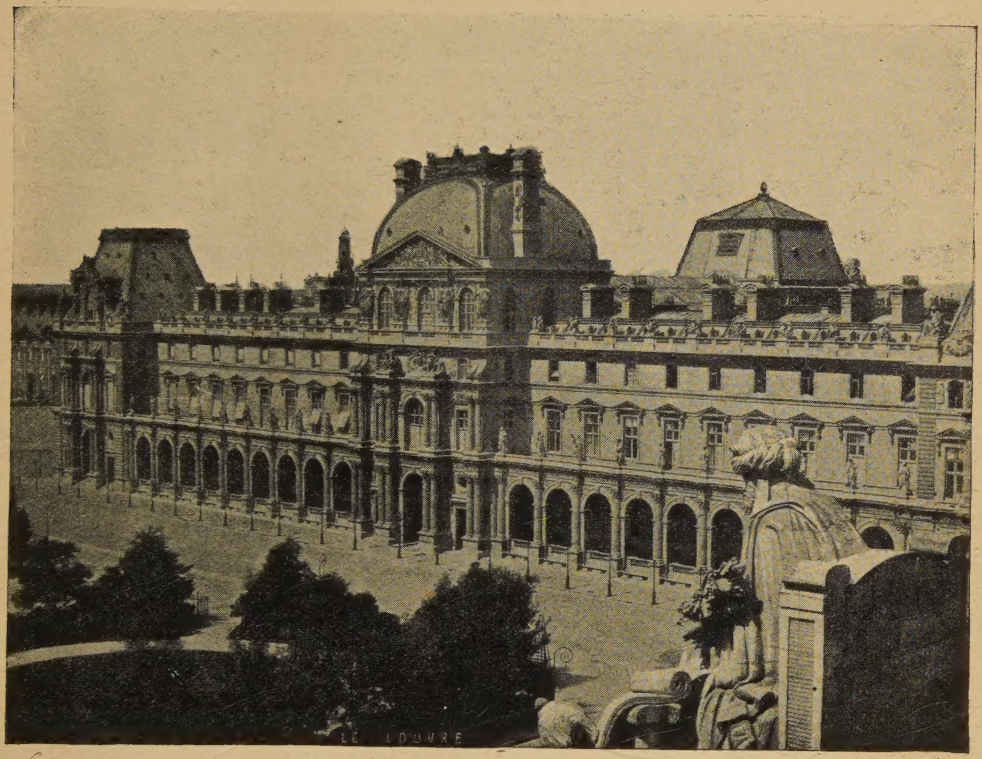
Englishman who, on taking apartments in Paris for a brief stay, stipulated with his landlord that a servant should knock at his door at an early hour every morning, informing him first what the state of the weather was, that he might know how to dress, and secondly, what the form of government was, that he might know how to conduct himself.

And yet, in spite of the frequent changes in the government and the consequent wear and tear upon the human system, the six hundred thousand people of 1789 have grown to more than two millions at the present day.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.

BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES, PARIS.

The most important public square in Paris, and one of the handsomest in the whole world, is the Place de la Concorde. In the centre rises the Obelisk of Luxor, presented by the pasha of Egypt to Louis Philippe. It is flanked on either side by a large fountain. The Place de la Concorde seems somewhat wrongly called, in view of the history of the spot. One hundred and fifty years ago it was an open field. But in 1748 the city accepted the gracious permission of Louis XV. to erect a statue to him there. The place then took his name and retained it till the new regime, in 1789, melted down the statue and converted it into two-cent pieces. On the 30th of May, 1770, during an exhibition of fireworks here, a panic took place and twelve hundred people were trampled to death and two thousand more were severely injured. The occasion was the attempt of the people to express, by a grand celebration, their unbounded joy at the recent marriage of the young dauphin with the Austrian princess, Marie Antoinette. On the 21st of January, 1793, they gathered here again in immense numbers to see the head of the same dauphin, now Louis XVI., chopped off by the sharp guillotine. During the next two years the spot well earned its title "Place of the Revolution," for the guillotine had not ceased its work until Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Elisabeth (the king's sister), Robespierre, and more than twenty-eight hundred persons had here perished by its deadly stroke.



GRAND COURT OF THE LOUVRE.

The view in every direction from this point is imposing. To the westward rises the broad and handsome Champs-Elysees. On the north we look up the short Rue Royale to the front of the Madeleine. To the eastward lie the extensive and beautiful Gardens of the Tuileries, laid out originally by Louis XIV. as a playground for the royal princes, afterward thrown open to the whole people, and quite recently extended eastward from the portion on the farther side of the Palais des Tuileries. To the southward, just across the Seine, is the Greek front of the Corps Legislatif, otherwise known as the Palais Bourbon from the fact that it was built, or at least begun, by the dowager Duchess of Bourbon in 1722. Here the famous Council of Five Hundred sat in 1795, and here the Chamber of Deputies now holds its sessions. From its portico we may enjoy a grand view backward over the whole superb Place de la Concorde, with its obelisk, and its splashing fountains striving to do what Chateaubriand declared not all the water in the world could do—wash out the blood-stains of this fearful spot.

But starting now from the base of that Obelisk of Luxor, and walking straight northward by that short Rue Royale, we find ourselves in a moment standing just in front of the Madeleine, which to a stranger would seem rather a Greek temple than a Christian church. Louis XV. began the building in 1764; but the Revolution put a stop to it. Napoleon, in 1806, proposed to convert it into a "temple of glory," to be dedicated

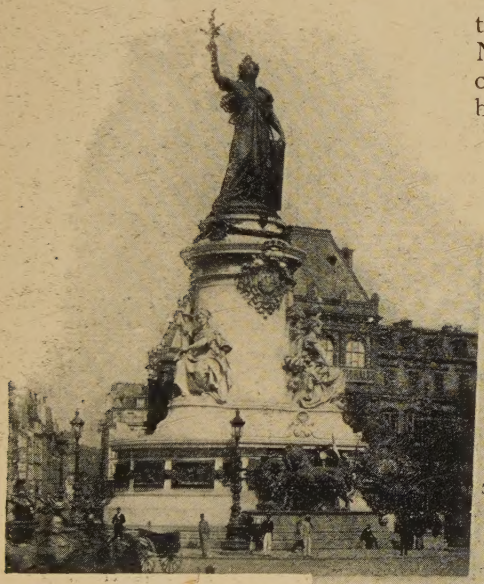
GALLERY OF APOLLO IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

in his name to the soldiers of the Great Army. But before the design could be carried out he met the Duke of Wellington one day at Waterloo, and Napoleon was no longer a name to conjure with. Then Louis XVIII. took up the matter, restored the design of the church, and proceeded to complete it as an expiatory offering to the royal victims of 1793. Another revolution intervened; but the work was finally completed in 1842. Four revolutions therefore occurred between the beginning and the completion of this edifice. And yet the finished building has stood here long enough to pass through two more.

If we step over the threshold we find ourselves in a large rectangular hall having a row of little chapels on either end and a round choir. The church is of massive stone, and there is not a window in it, the light being admitted solely through little spaces in the three great domes which make up the roof. The walls and ceilings are covered with fine paintings, and the whole interior is fairly aglow with colour.

From the space just in front of the Madeleine we may look down the broad Boulevard of the Madeleine and its continuation, the Boulevarde Capuchine, which form a portion of the old or only boulevards erected upon the line of the old walls, destroyed in the time of Louis XIV. This magnificent boulevard, extending in a grand sweep from the Madeleine away round to the Place of the Bastile, a distance of some three miles, is nowhere less than one hundred feet wide, including the broad pavements, and is paved with asphalt, so that, in spite of the enormous

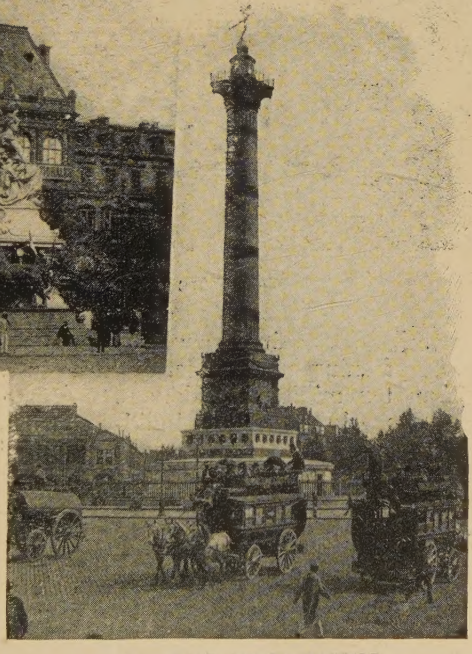
tides of traffic continually surging through, it is comparatively noiseless. It is lined with trees, and as you walk or ride through it in the evening you pass between two rows of the handsomest, the richest, the most brilliantly illuminated, and altogether the most tempting shops or stores to be found anywhere in the world.



STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.

One of the most remarkable features of Paris is the cafe. There is nothing just like it in England or America, nor, for that matter, anywhere else in the world. The peculiarity of the Parisian cafe is that the guests sit and do their eating and drinking, not within the building, but out upon the sidewalk. During the day, when the patrons are few, they keep close to the building, in the shade of the awning; but at night the chairs greatly increase in number, and push far out upon the flags and often beyond the curbstone into the roadway, and the pedestrian, as he passes along the boulevards, which for miles are thickly lined with these shades, is continually threading his way between and among the chairs and tables where the Parisians, with their wives and sweethearts, are eating, sipping their light drinks, and enjoying life as apparently no other people in the world enjoy it.

Perhaps about a mile from the Madeleine we reach the New Opera House, as it is commonly called, though it bears on its front the inscription, "Academie Nationale de Musique." It occupies the centre of an open space entirely surrounded by broad streets. The site occupied by the building and this little square above it cost two million dollars, while the building itself, materials for which were brought from every corner of the globe, cost about eight millions



LA PLACE DE LA BASTILE.

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

more, making the entire expense of this place of amusement something more than ten millions of dollars. Then to properly set off the building two broad, handsome avenues were cut straight through the heart of the city, at a cost of ten millions more.

The Opera House receives a subsidy of about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year; that is to say, about five hundred dollars a day, from the Government, and several other theatres and opera houses in Paris are liberally aided from the public purse. You see, therefore, that every French citizen who has anything to pay taxes on is obliged to contribute to the support of the theatre and the opera, even though he may have conscientious scruples against them. I am not aware, however, that any Frenchman has ever raised that objection.

One of the features of Paris most noticeable to a foreigner, perhaps, is the little omnibus stations so characteristic of Paris. The omnibus system, by the way, is an excellent one when you understand it. But you usually have to be put off a bus two or three times before you appreciate its merits. In time you discover that the vehicles stop regularly at little stations, where those who understand the system obtain bits of pasteboard bearing numbers in the precise order of their application for them, entitling them in the same order to the vacant seats in the busses as they arrive. These little stations being not far apart, it is a matter of no difficulty to obtain these numbers, and when that is done the system

secures, as you see, a perfect application of the rule "First come, first served." For when the bus stops, just opposite the little station, an official comes out and, standing behind it, calls off the numbers in their order, and the would-be-passengers, as their numbers are called, take the vacant places. When all the vacancies are filled the bus drives on, and those whose numbers come next in order have, of course, the first chance at the vacancies on the filling bus. Our system, therefore, of riding on a strap, or of getting one foot on the back platform of the street-car and clinging to the unfortunate individual who has preceded us and has both feet on, is wholly unknown in Paris.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH, PARIS.

The Rue de Rivoli is one of the grandest streets in the world. For nearly half a mile it is bordered on one side by the magnificent continuous facade of the Louvre and the Tuileries, which then gives way for half a mile more to the Tuileries Gardens, while on the further side stands a line, unbroken except by the coming in of the side streets, of magnificent buildings precisely alike, whose stories above the ground floor hang completely over the pavements and form the stores of the arcades, of immense length, lined with the most brilliant shops in Paris.

Another magnificent avenue is the Champs-Elysees. It was laid out about two hundred years ago and planted with trees, whose refreshing shade soon gave it the name it bears to-day—Elysian Fields. For about half a mile in one place the broad roadway is bordered on either hand by a park five or six hundred feet wide. In this park are many little booths for the sale of light eatables, drink-

ables, and trifles of all sorts. There are also great numbers of little iron chairs set out for rent at the moderate rate of two cents each, and there are a score of singing cafes, as they are called, which at night are brilliantly illuminated with thousands of variously coloured lights. Strolling through the entrance, lured perhaps by the seduc-

BAS-RELIEF FROM THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

tion of the gas-light, you see the announcement, "Admission free," and find a variety concert or circus performance going on in the open air, constituting a thoroughly characteristic Parisian scene.

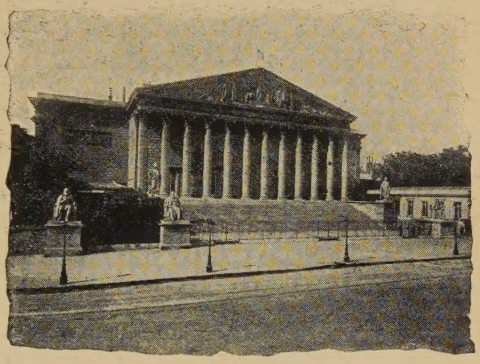
Beyond this park-bordered avenue the houses draw in from the street, though still leaving a broad macadamized roadway lined with broad flagged walks, and always throbbing with the happy, gay life of Paris. But away at the end of this avenue rises a magnificent triumphal arch, called the Triumphal Arch of the Star from its position at a point where twelve broad avenues come together. The first Napoleon, who was perhaps less distinguished for modesty than for military skill, proposed to perpetuate his glory by means of four triumphal arches to be erected in different quarters of Paris; but two of these were ever completed—one in the Place du Carrousel, by the emperor himself, and this one by Louis Philippe.

This Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile is the largest and most im-

posing triumphal arch in the world, being one hundred and sixty feet high, one hundred and forty-six feet broad, and seventy-two feet deep. Yet it is difficult to say which is the more to be admired, the arch itself or its magnificent situation. As you stand upon its summit, by simply turning around your eye sweeps the entire extent of twelve beautiful avenues, which radiate from the arch toward every corner of Paris. You can point out every important building, and your vision is limited only by the low hills dotted with suburban villages which surround the capital like a line of bulwarks. During the dark days of 1871 the Communists, who then held possession of the city, lifted heavy cannon to the top of this arch by steam power and from that point bombarded the city with fearful effect.

There is of course a good deal of fine sculpture upon the arch—the finest, no doubt, to be found in four colossal groups, at least one of which, that shown on page 10, will repay close inspection. It represents the triumph of Napoleon after the Russian campaign, and in effect sums up the whole meaning of this triumphal arch—the glorification of Napoleon. The nations of the earth are kneeling at his feet; victory crowns him with laurel; fame, with her trumpet, proclaims his deeds abroad; and history records them for the edification of posterity.

One of the most prominent objects in every general view of Paris is the enormous gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, the hospital and refuge which Napoleon used for



LE PALAIS DE LA CHAMBRE DES DEPUTIES.

the faithful old soldiers who had made him what he was. And under the centre of that dome the great captain lies, in accordance with his latest request—that his ashes might lie on the banks of the Seine and among the French people he had loved so well. Twelve colossal figures of victory in mourning attitudes stand about the tomb. Here also are displayed numerous battle-flags captured in his campaigns, and on the mosaic pavement of the crypt are recorded the names of his chief victories.

One of the most striking of the many monuments of Paris is that of Leon Gambetta, a patriot statesman of the Republic that succeeded the third Empire. His stirring eloquence aroused the failing hearts of his countrymen to resist the invasion of France and siege of Paris. He organized the balloon post during the memorable siege, and escaped from the city to join the army in the field. His monument represents him in one of his dramatic attitudes.

" All round the year the trusting soul
May find the word of promise whole;
The flight of time, unknown above,
Breaks not our Father's boundless love;

" Unbroken be the tranquil light
That folds our lesser sphere,
As ever pure and calm and bright,
All round the year."

OLD-YEAR MEMORIES.

BY SUSAN E. GAMMONS.

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
  The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us
  Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
  The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us
  Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
  The yielding to temptation that beset,
That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,
  Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
  Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
  Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving
  When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living
  Let us remember long.

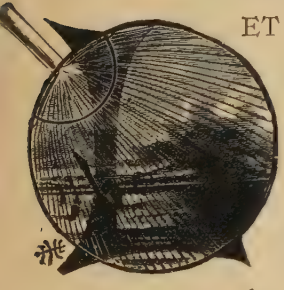
Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
  Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
  Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
  We tenderly may bid the year "Good-bye,"
Holding in memory the good it brought us,
  Letting the evil die.

—*Christian Endeavour World.*

THE CANADIAN LUMBERMAN AND HIS SOCIAL BETTERMENT.

HALE AND BELL'S CAMP, TWELVE MILES FROM CARTIER.—READING ROOM IN BACKGROUND.



ET us rise early and accompany this group of stalwart lumbermen to the scene of their daily toil. It is yet dark; even the moon, hanging like a great white globe among the pine-tops, seems to emit but a pallid shadow that is scarcely light. The camp-fire shines through the opening door in a flickering ruddy shadow on the snow outside. The air is full of the hush of the hour before dawn—the stillness of the winter woods. Snow and trees, trees and snow, and darkness, and stillness, broken only by the sturdy tramp of the men, who, shouldering their axes, follow the path through the forest. It will be light enough to begin work by the time they reach their chopping-place. The darkness and solitude do not seem to awe or silence them. They are accustomed to these things. They always start forth to their day's work long ere most of us have left our pillows. After all, their lot is not as bad as that of some of their work-fellows. It is not as bad as the stifling, underground life of the miner. It affords a contact with nature of which the workman amid the whirr of machinery knows nothing. There is pure air, open sky, and that blessed quiet in which great souls have ever been nurtured.

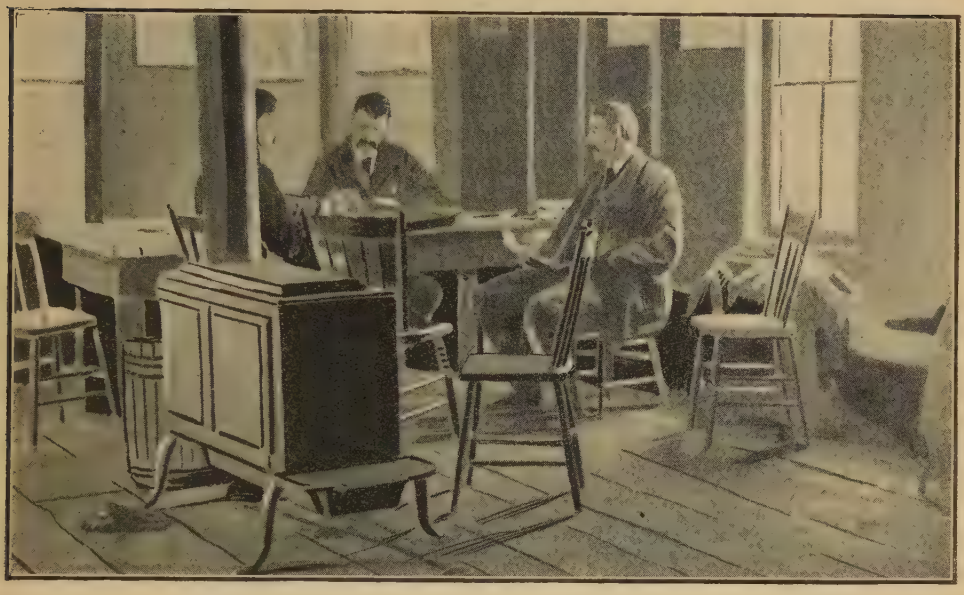
But the life of the "bushman" has its dangers and its drawbacks. Conceive of from fifty to two hundred men shut away in an isolated camp in the woods with their evenings, their Sundays, rainy days, and public holidays all hanging idly on

WALLACE, M'CORMACK AND SHEPPARD'S READING CAMP, 35 MILES FROM BLIND RIVER, ONT.

their hands. No books, no papers, no church services, no home influences, no suggestion of refined and progressive civilization. What is the inevitable result? What is left them but the pipe, the cards, and the bottle? And so their leisure hours, that might be turned to such good account in developing the citizens of our nation, are often dissipated amid degrading influences. Carlyle says:

"It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor; we must all toil, or steal (however we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even earthly, knowledge should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated!—Alas, was this too a Breath of God; bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded!—That there should one Man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does! The miserable fraction of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?"

Apart from any higher motive, as a young and growing nation we cannot afford to have fifty thousand woodsmen and miners, who, by their votes, share the control of our nation and its laws—we cannot afford to have these men shut away from every means of obtaining knowledge. "A chain is only as strong as its weakest link." If we give men liberty to control our land we must also give them light. This is what the Canadian Reading Camp Association is striving to do under the able guidance of the Rev. Alfred Fitzpatrick, B.A., its General Secretary. For the benefit of those who have not



A CORNER IN THE ONTARIO LUMBER COMPANY'S READING ROOM, 6 MILES FROM NORTH BAY.

taken an interest in this work we may say that its object is to develop a home study system of education for these men. In some camps seventy-five per cent. of the men can neither read nor write. The Association has two teachers at work and is engaging five or six others. These teachers spend their evenings in the reading rooms, encouraging the boys to improve their spare time. They are endeavouring to supply current literature, which is of necessity expensive. Those desirous of helping on the work will see, therefore, that it is not so much old papers and magazines that are needed as money to meet necessary expenses. The teachers are being engaged at considerable cost. Certain Bible-classes and Sunday-schools have been asked to assist in the work by becoming responsible for one week's salary for one of the teachers. Two of these teachers, one of whom is a university graduate, are devoting all their time to this work. The others will work in the woods during the day and devote their evenings to teaching. They will be paid by the company for their work during the day, and the Association will pay them from ten to twenty dollars a month additional for their services as teachers. Says one of our periodicals: "Mr. Fitzpatrick began the movement in a tentative way in a few lumber camps, and so great has been its success that he strongly urges the extension of the plan to other lumber and mining camps. Besides the assistance of private beneficence, he is urging the co-operation of the Ontario Government. The Hon. Mr. Harcourt, Minister of Education, gives the assurance of his heartiest co-operation. The modest sum of twelve hundred dollars has been placed in the estimates for the current year. It is hoped that as the work expands this will be considerably increased."

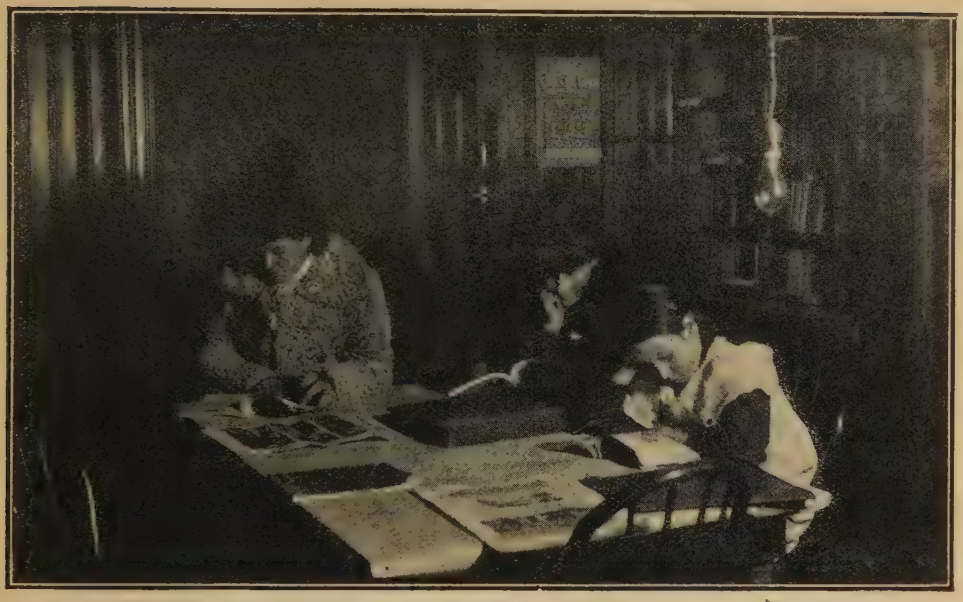
This is not a work of charity; it is a mere act of justice. When we stop to think that one-third of the

READING ROOM, BOOTH AND GORDON'S CAMP, AZILDA, ONT.

total revenue of the Province of Ontario is produced by the lumbermen, it seems mere justice on our part and the part of our Government that as many of the benefits of civilization as possible should be put within their reach. The total revenue of our Province is at present about $3,750,000; of this $1,376,000 comes from our woods and forests. Of this revenue $46,000 has been set apart annually for library purposes, but up to the year 1900 not one dollar had been expended for the benefit of the men who brought this revenue into the treasury. The Government now offers a dollar for every dollar spent in books and papers by a public library board. It would surely be no more than just that a similar offer should be made to the isolated workingmen of our country, that is, where a reading camp is provided for that purpose. "What is needed and what is fair is the diffusion of education, not the education of a privileged class alone."

"The average boy," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "leaves the public school from the third reader, but there is no good reason why his education should end there. Provincial Governments give large grants in hundreds of cases to schools where the average attendance is from five to fifteen pupils, while camps of from fifty to two hundred men have no provision made for education." This, he thinks, should be remedied. Instructors are absolutely necessary in the camps if the work is to make satisfactory progress.

Why should not the Public Libraries Act be so amended as to aid in supplying books, papers, and magazines, and in the provision for evening classes in the reading camps and club-houses? This would encourage employers to engage teachers, and it would encourage teachers to go to the camps, and relieve the congestion of the teaching profession in the older parts of the province. At present scores of young men teach school for much less than unskilled labourers earn in the woods and mines. Thousands of isolated



A COSY CORNER IN READING ROOM, PORTLAND CEMENT WORKS, MARLBANK, ONT.

labourers are willing to learn. It seems a pity that these classes could not in some way be brought together.

It is cheering to note that so many employers have entered heartily into the spirit of the work. Not a few have had reading camps or club-houses constructed, of which we give some illustrations. The travelling libraries have, it is true, their work. But their work is not final. They are only intended as a forerunner of the permanent library; their mission is to develop a taste for reading in localities where there is no permanent library, and thus lead to its establishment.

The argument that the camps are moved too often to make advisable the building of reading rooms and permanent libraries has a most substantial answer in Mr. F. H. Clergue's construction of portable buildings for that purpose. Besides, a more conservative system of cutting timber is now being advocated. That is to say, the forests would be cut periodically like harvests, only at longer intervals This would mean the constructing of better roads and a greater outlay in making the shanties more substantial and comfortable.

Of the needs of our lumbermen our own Chancellor Burwash says:

"What our noble, hardy men of the woods require first of all is salvation from the deteriorating influences of their peculiar isolated life; and that influence is most of all felt in their idle moments. By giving them good, interesting, healthy books you will give them healthy thoughts, and so purer conversation and better moral foundations; and upon these alone can a true and abiding religious life be built."

"Ralph Connor" (the Rev. Mr. Gordon) is this season opening a reading and recreation room in a mining camp. It is hoped that church bodies and the public in general will assist the movement and that an amendment will be made to the Public Libraries Act, providing grants for instruction in reading camps and club-houses.

OUTSIDE VIEW OF READING ROOM, GEORGIAN BAY CO.'S. CAMP, 25 MILES FROM COLDWATER.

The efforts of the W.C.T.U. and the Lady Aberdeen Association, as well as those of Queen's University, seem to have been much appreciated in this connection. In the beginning of the work three reading camps were built merely by way of experiment. These proved of so much value to the employers in making the men more satisfied with their condition and in maintaining better order in the camp, that last season, which was only the second in the history of the work, there were in all twenty-seven reading camps supplied with books, daily and weekly papers, magazines, games, etc. In one camp the foreman's wife has undertaken to act as teacher. One cannot overrate the influence of a woman's presence on the life of the camp. The very sound of her voice will be a daily reminder of wife or mother or sister, and of the better influences of home.

We have been too much accustomed to look a little scornfully upon the young lumberman coming out of camp and squandering his hard-earned wages in the saloon. But it might be better to look a little more carefully into the influences that made him thus. It might make us a little more sympathetic if we considered the conditions that have so weakened his character as to make him an easy prey to temptation. He comes out of the woods, where no refining influences have touched him for months—only the solitude of the North lands, the grey trees and winter clouds. The church doors are closed. Music echoes and lights shine under the blinds of the houses he passes. But he has no place there. What is even the wad of money in his pocket? It does

INSIDE VIEW OF READING ROOM, GEORGIAN BAY CO.'S. CAMP, 25 MILES FROM COLDWATER.

CORDOVA MINES CHURCH AND READING ROOM.

not give him warmth and light and companionship. But down there at the corner saloon—there is light and laughter and cheer, and there is a place for him. And so he flees from the darkness to the light—from the silence of the woods to the laughter of men.

But if that solitude had been filled with the thoughts of great souls; if the greatest thoughts of the greatest minds had been instilled into his nature out there in those winter evenings; if he had formed a taste for reading and study; if his soul had been thus fortified, how much weaker would be the attraction of the saloon's buffoonery! It is just here that the Church as well as the Government has a duty to perform. Here is an open door through which we can reach fifty thousand of that class and reach them all the more effectively because of their isolation and their needs. The literature put into their hands, the thoughts given them, will make all the deeper impression because of the surrounding solitudes. Many of these men, indeed the majority of them, are young men. We could not surely ask a better opportunity for developing among them strong and manly characters. We have too long forgotten them.

Yet these men have a most important part to play in the work of this young, giant nation. There is no small honour due to the men who fell our forests. They are the advance-guard of civilization. While we stretch ourselves in our Morris chairs and wile away an evening hour reading tales of the days of knight-errantry, there are tales just as heroic and thrilling enacted every day in the old commonplace lumber-shanty. It is said the death

THE CLUB-HOUSE, COPPER CLIFF.

MANAGER'S RESIDENCE, HALL, AND READING ROOM, ARSENIC WORKS, THE CANADIAN GOLD FIELDS, DELORA, ONTARIO.

and accident rates of the lumbering, mining, and railway construction camps is as high as it is in the British army in time of war. The knight of the battle-axe is gone, but the knight of the broad-axe is still with us. And we have turned away, indifferent to his conflicts; we have not gone down to loosen his helmet or minister to his wounds. Future generations will tread where he has cleared the lands; they will put paragraphs of eulogy in our histories, as we have done for our predecessors. But "the bushman's" horny hands will long have been folded. We are glad that there is such a movement on foot to-day for the amelioration of his lot. We are glad there are those who seek to strengthen the fibre of our nation by lighting the lamp of knowledge for the minds of its citizens. We would see our lumbermen come up to Whittier's ideal when he wrote:

"Through each branch-enwoven skylight
Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees!
For his ear, the inward feeling
Needs no outward tongue;
He can see the spirit kneeling
While the axe is swung.

"Heeding truth alone, and turning
From the false and dim,
Lamp of toil or altar burning
Are alike to Him.
Strike, then, comrades!—Trade is waiting
On our rugged toil;
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland spoil.

"Cheerily, on the axe of labour,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike!—With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks with wondering eye!"

How bright Thy lowly manger beams!
Down earth's dark vale its glory streams.
The splendour of Thy night
Shines through all time in deathless light.

VILLAGE LIFE IN NORWAY.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

SLIDING ON SKEES IN NORWAY.

THE sense of the picturesque is an entirely modern sentiment. Norway, which is, by common consent, the most picturesque country in Europe, if not in the world, was by travellers in the eighteenth century described as an ugly country, full of steep black rocks, of wild aspect, and intersected by sombre fiords and icy rivers. We should probably quarrel with such a description now. From the individual point of view it may be perfectly true. And yet the man who should, in the present century, indulge in such language would write himself down a callous and prosy dullard. To the utilitarian eighteenth century, only that which was useful was beautiful; and picturesqueness in a landscape was held to be synonymous with fertility. Therefore

Denmark, which is monotonously flat and fruitful, was greatly admired and its beauty extolled in prose and verse.

It is not to be denied that Norway, from the utilitarian point of view, has been treated by nature with scant favour, and whatever has been accomplished there has been done in the face of heavy odds. The sterility of the soil compels the peasants in the northern and north-

A VILLAGE BELLE IN NORWAY.

western provinces to cultivate large areas, or to pick up the small patches capable of cultivation which may be scattered, with long intervals, over wide stretches of country. Under such conditions the rural village, with its clusters of farmhouses, such as we know them in England, Denmark, and Germany, becomes an impossibility; and the peculiar features of life which village communities foster are conspicuous by their absence. The nearest approach to them is to be found in the more fertile southern and south-eastern districts where the farms lie close together, and neighbourly intercourse is easy and frequent. Moreover, the excellent roads, in the building of which the Government has employed the best engineering talent, encourage the social impulses of the people by obviating the difficulties which the distances would otherwise place in their way.

Another circumstance which militates against the formation of rural villages is the absence of a nobility and feudal land tenure. The Norwegian peasants own the soil which they cultivate, and have no rent to pay to landlords; but they frequently let out portions of it to small tenants, called housemen, who pay their rent by working a certain number of days or weeks every year at the farm. These housemen, who belong to the poorest class, correspond in economic regard to the agricultural labourers in England; though they are in point of education, intelligence, and general worth usually superior to the latter; for the religious instruction, preparatory to the first communion, which until recently was compulsory in Norway, had the wholesome effect of preventing any part of the population from sinking into absolute ignorance and sloth. The State not only supplies an elementary education, scant though it may be; but it compels each one to avail himself of the opportunity to obtain it.

In giving the reasons for the absence of the rural village in Norway, I have taken care not to deny altogether the existence of village life, but it is worthy of note that the Norwegian village is not rural but commercial. It consists usually of a single street with a score

of mechanics' and tradesmen's houses, a squat little church, with a tower like a candle-snuffer, and perhaps a cemetery, with decrepit wooden crosses and moss-grown head-stones. The people who live here are not peasants, but mostly hucksters and small dealers in dry goods, drugs, and groceries, who eke out a scanty living by trade and barter with the peasants for the most indispensable commodities.

If the village is on the coast, the great staple of commerce is, of course, fish, particularly cod and herring. The merchant, having perhaps saved up a modest capital, equips boat guilds for the annual cod and herring fisheries, and either pays the crew's wages, or (what is more common) agrees to take their haul at a specific price, and to grant them a share of the proceeds. A certain amount of speculation necessarily enters into these bargains; for the catch of a fishing season is as uncertain as next year's weather, and the risk which it entails has to be so distributed that loss as well as gain may be equitably proportioned. But for all that, it is always the merchant who grows rich on fish, and never, in a single instance that I know of, the fisherman. The former may also be beggared, to be sure, if he is rash and sanguine, and fails to take into account all the factors that may and will affect the market; for the silvery herring is the most slippery fish that swims the sea, and glides up and down the financial scale with a dexterity and speed which are ruinous to the man who is on the wrong side of the market. Many of the tactics of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce and the New York Stock Exchange are familiar, on a smaller scale, to the Norwegian fish speculator, who buys the herring in the sea that may never be caught, and gambles on the chance of a scant or an abundant supply,

A COUNTRY FIDDLER, NORWAY.

being "long" or "short" of herring and cod, as our brokers are of wheat or "industrials" or railway shares. Expedients of more than doubtful morality are often resorted to to cripple a rival, or send a competing boat guild on a wild-goose chase.

The favourite device for this purpose is the "herring lie" (Sildelogn). It is a well-known fact that the herring is far less regular in its habits than, for instance, the cod, and is by no means sure to return to last year's spawning grounds. About the time when it is expected, the whole population is on the alert watching for herring visions, i.e., indications of the approach of the schools. Spouting whales and dolphins and a screaming cloud of gulls and cormorants whirling over the water constitute

DAIRY HUTS IN THE MOUNTAINS, NORWAY.

a reliable "vision." But in a country where dolphins, whales, and sea birds of all kinds are abundant, it is easy to make a mistake. Like fire in withered grass the report that the herring has come spreads up and down the coast, and presently the sea is covered with boats scudding along, with every rag of sail unfurled to the breeze. Every one is anxious to be first on the spot; and the feverish rivalry often results in accidents.

Before the extension of the telegraph to the extreme north, the herring lie flourished; and it was no uncommon thing for a fleet of boat-guilds, numbering many hundred people, to be sent on a wild-goose chase in the very opposite direction from where the herring had actually arrived, while the well-informed (who had probably started the lie) stole away under cover of night to the fishing grounds and reaped a silvery harvest. The very fact that so many people were concerned in the rumour, each man having eagerly repeated it without thought of harm, made it next to impossible to trace a herring lie to its source; and the immunity which "herring liars" enjoyed made the practice disastrously common. Now, however, the telegraph and the official government fish inspectors have sadly interfered with the business. Of course, it is still possible to lie by telegraph, though not without putting one's self on record and risking official contradiction.

The life in a Norwegian coast village during the fishing season is unique and interesting. On the sea beach are enormous mountains of the fish-heads and other remains, which before they are removed exhale a most unpleasant odour. This odour, however, in greater or less potency pervades the air everywhere and appertains to everybody and everything. The girls smell of fish, the wind is laden with the same penetrating perfume, and you yourself, whether you know it or not, have not remained twenty-four hours in the village before you are redolent, like the rest, of cod and herring. And it is not only the nose but the eye as well which is assailed by perpetual suggestions of the fishing industry. Miles and miles of nets are festooned on stakes along the beach; and all along the water front sea-booths and salting establishments receive the cargoes of the returning fishermen, and every man, woman, and child who is not otherwise engaged is pressed into service to cleanse the fish, deposit it in brine, and nail up the barrels for foreign export. It is particularly half-grown girls (the so-called Ganepiger) who are employed in the cleansing, and their pay used to be, in my childhood, ten cents a day, without board. Of recent years, I am told, wages have been increased in this as well as in all other branches of labour; though, I fancy, those of the Ganepiger do not exceed twenty cents.

THE ROMSDALHORN, NORWAY.

The herring fisheries, of which I have been speaking, occur in the summer and autumn, and women as well as men participate in them. For the herring always seeks sheltered water for spawning, and is caught in the fiords and straits between the western islands. I have often seen the sea so thickly jammed with herring that the boats could only with difficulty make its way through the schools, and you could stand in the bow, and with a landing net scoop up the fish until your cargo reached to the gunwale. But, at the cod-fisheries, I have been told (though I have never seen it), it occurs at times that the boat actually does stick on mountains of fish, and the nets break like spider webs under the enormous weight of their drafts. There are, however, cod lies as well as herring lies, and this may be one of them.

The prosperity of the whole coast population is more or less dependent upon the cod fisheries, the financial value of which usually exceeds that of the herring fisheries. But, on the other hand, the hardships and dangers connected with the former also exceed, in a far higher degree, those of the latter. For, in the first place, the cod arrives in the stormiest season of the year (usually late in January), and secondly, he does not run into the fiords to be caught, but has to be sought far out in the open ocean.

The Loffoden Islands, on the north-western coast of Norway, have the richest cod fisheries in Europe, and probably in the world; and there the peasantry from all the surrounding districts and from remote parishes as well, rendezvous in the middle of winter. Temporary villages, consisting of rude booths for the shelter of the men, spring up in every convenient harbour. They are not luxuriously appointed, these low, turf-thatched huts; for existence is here reduced to the most primitive conditions. The earthen floor is trampled hard by iron-heeled sea-boots, and exhibits no other furniture than a bench in front of the berths, which are built in tiers, as on a ship. The hearth is often chimneyless, and smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. A dense composite odour, the chief ingredients of which are tarred boots, wet clothes, and various human exhalations, makes the air well-nigh unbreathable; and it gives one the measure of the hardiness of these people that they are able, not only to support existence, but to be healthy and cheerful amid such surroundings.

It is a beautiful sight to see the fishing fleet start out to sea in the early morning. Singly, or in companies of three, four, or half a dozen, the boats come scudding along with the one square sail set, until the whole sea seems covered, and a jagged line of masts defines the western horizon. When they

ARRIVAL AT CHURCH.—A NORWEGIAN SCENE. —By Hans Dahl.

have reached the fishing grounds, they let the sails drop; the hooks are baited, and the lines are flung overboard. Those who have had nets set over night haul them in and row home, returning later in the day; for in order to give the deep line fishers a chance, the law prohibits the encumbering of the sea with nets during the daytime.

There are now government signal stations along the coast, which give warning of the probable state of the weather. But for all that, scarcely a year passes without a multitude of accidents. As we all know, such official "probabilities" are extremely fallible, often weakening whatever confidence people might repose in them by prophesying storms which fail to make their appearance; and failing to prophesy those which make widows and orphans by the score. Only recently a calamity of this sort made havoc in many humble homes in the north of Norway. Day after day and night after night every knoll and rock about the fishing villages would be crowded with anxious women, spying along the horizon for a glimpse of the well-known sail which they were never to see again. At the end of a week or two an arm or a leg with a sea-boot on would perhaps drift ashore and would be recognized by some mark by one of the many mourners. And then a funeral would be held over that ghastly remnant; and hymns would be sung and tears shed, and a lugubrious feast prepared in honour of the dead.

It is, in fact, regarded as a normal death to end one's life in the waves. I remember, as a boy of fourteen, visiting a relative of mine who was a clergyman in the north of Norway. Being greatly struck by the small number of graves in the cemetery, and those, as the headstones showed, nearly all of women and children, I asked my kinsman, jocosely, if the men were immortal in his parish.

"No," he answered gravely;

"but the greater portion of them are buried without benefit of clergy."

"How do you mean?" I asked, much mystified.

"There," he said, pointing with his stick toward the ocean, "there is their cemetery."

As I am in the chapter of personal reminiscence, I may as well relate in the first person my impressions of the queer little malodorous village in which I spent two weeks of almost ecstatic delight. In the first place the sea-booths were an enchanted realm; and to be hoisted up from the first to the second floor by a pulley, sitting astride a barrel, was an excitement of which I never wearied. And the rats, of which there was an abundant supply, invested the place with an added charm. To see them scurrying from corner to corner, or watch their domestic economy through cracks in the floor, was an unending source of entertainment. On the slope above the village was a kind of scaffolding with roofs, but without walls, used for drying and curing the salted cod, and there were times (though not during my visit), when all the rocks for half a mile would be covered by split fish.

There were a physician, a country dealer in all commodities, and a smith, who was also carpenter, watchmaker, and dentist; and each one of them was a pronounced and interesting character. The physician, I remember, had a grievance against the Government because it did not suppress quackery with the strong arm of the law. For, he confided to me, there was a certain "wise woman" in the place who professed to cure by charms, incantations, and herbs that had grown under the gallows-tree or on the grave of a beheaded murderer. And whether I would believe it or not, the people in their gross superstition went to consult her even in the gravest cases; and accepted it as the inscrutable will of God when she killed them.

My vividest recollection, however, is the quaint old church where I sat with the pastor's family in the "genteel pew" and listened to the most solemnly discordant singing that ever assailed a sensitive ear. The schoolmaster, who was also sexton and cantor, tried his best to keep the straggling voices together; but his own voice, though powerful, was neither true nor melodious; and its only virtue was a hearty sincerity and devotion which in a measure made up for its musical shortcomings. Mr. Gladstone, who some years ago attended service in a Norwegian village church of this order, declared himself greatly impressed by the harsh solemnity and earnestness of the worship.

The query frequently occurs to me, when considering rude and simple lives like those of the Norwegian fishermen, whether they ought to be condoled with or congratulated on the smallness of their wants, the fewness of their demands and their fatalistic acceptance of their lot, be it hard or easy. As I always answer this question in accordance with my mood, I shall have to refer its final decision to that agreeable figment of an author's brain, "the gentle reader."

"Ceaselessly the weaver, Time
Sitteth at his mystic loom,
Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying—
Every hour anears our dying—
And with melancholy chime,
Very low and sad withal,
Sings his solemn madrigal
As he weaves our web of doom.

"'Mortals!' thus he, weaving, sings,
'Bright or dark the web shall be,
As ye will it, all the tissues
Blending in harmonious issues
Or discordant colourings;
Time the shuttle drives, but you
Give to every thread its hue,
And elect your destiny.'"

THE WILD WELSH COAST.

A WELSH STILE.

NEARLY three-fourths of the entire circuit of Wales is sea-coast. A great part of this coast is rugged and dangerous, but there are frequently recurring harbours of refuge safely entered. Steep and forbidding cliffs, with fronts of iron, black, jagged, frowning, receive the Atlantic's rudest buffetings grimly. The southern shore of Wales, from a point just below Cardiff to the extreme westernmost reach of land at St. David's Head, is washed by an ocean whose free sweep is unbroken straight across to the coast of Newfoundland. At various points the cruel cliffs are made still more cruel by huge disjected rocks scattered about at a distance from the mainland, as if the shore were showing its teeth in warning to the mariner. Where this frowning front is broken occur bights and bays of exquisite beauty, with long reaches of tawny sands which the waves lap lazily of a summer afternoon, or across which wild waves howl in storm.

SOUTHERDOWN SANDS.

It is a striking line of coast, full of fascination in itself to the lover of the picturesque; but more: on every crowning summit stands a castle olden, looking seaward with its hoary facades and battlemented towers—perhaps inhabited, perhaps crumbling still slowly away, as it has been crumbling for centuries. At every lovely harbour is an old-world village, or a great town with clanking hammers, the one rich, the other poor, but both dowered with aspects of antiquity. There are villages along this wild Welsh coast of an ancientness to be equalled hardly anywhere else in Britain—villages which in some cases have undergone little change of aspect during the past five hundred years. Remote from railroads, primitive in all their ways, they are of the old world, olden. Time has hardly disturbed them since the days when London was a village, too, with thatched roofs and winding lanes. In the caves and chasms hewed in the cliffs by the long rollers of the Atlantic thundering in a thousand storms have been found traces of primeval man—his bones, his implements, the bones of the beasts he ate—in great abundance. The very land is older than the land of the English, Scotch and Irish. Ages before the solid parts of earth on which the rest of Britain was built had risen above the wide waste of waters covering the world, this land, now called Wales, stood alone in its glory, an island by itself, where strange monsters dwelt, and misshapen birds and reptiles wandering left the tracks of their feet, which are found to-day in the solid rock where they were imprinted countless ages ago.

The cruel rocks of the Welsh coast have been the scene of many shipwrecks in times both ancient and modern. Many a vessel has been thrown against their rugged fronts and angles, and so mauled and broken that every soul on board has gone down to death, eager-eyed crowds on the shore beholding their fate, unable to save life, even when willing to attempt it. Numberless legends are related—stories fit to freeze one's blood—of the wicked old days when infamous wreckers lured ships to their doom with false lights on this shore. Like stories are told of many coasts in many countries. In the old days the superstitious dwellers by sea-shores deemed shipwrecked folk the abandoned and cast-out of heaven, it is said. When the sands were strewn with his cargo, the unhappy sailor found no mercy from the wretches who made his goods their spoil. It was not alone the peasantry in the old days; the ancient lords of

NEWTON NOTTAGE CHURCH.

many a castle claimed as a right the spoils of wrecked ships which came ashore within the limits of their manor. All this is now happily a thing of the past. A lighthouse throws its broad glare far out to sea, and if people now cluster on the shore to watch the labouring of a vessel in the remorseless grasp of storm and wave, it is in sympathy and not in greed.

There are few more striking pictures in Europe than St. Donat's Castle. It is not a lonely ruin; it is inhabited by the surviving representative of the Norman paladin who built it, a gentleman of scholarly tastes and acquirements.

"This key lets me through forty-eight doors," he said to me, jocularly, as he turned a huge key in its lock. The remark spoke eloquently of the extent of this mediæval military mansion, with its four and a half acres of roof. He pointed out to me the place on his lawn where John Wesley stood and preached to five thousand people who were gathered on the broad terraces which drop down gracefully to the shore on the seaward front of the castle. Standing in a great bay window, and looking out on this southern terrace, the ocean seems a stone-toss distant. As you walk in the lower part of the gardens, the ships that slide westward down the sea seem to be sailing in the sky.

An old man I talked with in an inn could remember the time when the Beltane fires (he did not call them that) were lit on Midsummer Eve, and the people jumped over the embers, for the good of the crops.

Along the entire coast of Wales certain striking characteristics are observed in the churches. Here is a group of Welsh churches; look at their towers, each more ponderous than the next. It needs no argument to convince us they were meant for strongholds as well as campaniles. They could almost defy the waves of ocean like the cliffs; have done so, indeed, in certain instances when the seas have risen in storm and fury, and plunged roaring inland to the church doors. The aspect of these places of worship is well in keeping with the shore scenery to which they give character. The rough weather they are often doomed to encounter

in their generally exposed situations is provided against by an entire absence of external ornamentation, and a rugged, solid simplicity of construction. Of these, Newton Nottage Church is a type.

Swansea is the copper metropolis of the kingdom. Copper smelting was introduced here as early as 1090, when the ores were brought over in boats from Cornwall and Devon, but now ores come from every part of the world, including Canada. The most extensive tin-plate factories on earth are also at Swansea; not to speak of factories for the handling of gold, silver, zinc, lead, nickel, cobalt, alkali, arsenic, and other minerals. Iron, too, is an active agent in Swansea's bustle.

Travellers seldom penetrate into the old-world Land of Gower. There are no railroads, and few carriage-roads; none but the foot-passengers can move quite freely about. There are, perhaps, a few inns which can entertain a man with beer and bread and cheese, but it is unsafe to count on much more; so that no stranger who objects to "roughing it" in a mild sort of way will venture far into Gower, unless he goes on a visit to one of the wealthy lords of the soil, who have here, as everywhere in Britain, their lovely country-seats.

The fancy of the ignorant peasant has freer play concerning a castle of which nothing definite is known. Tradition relates that Pennardd was built in a single night by the hand of an enchanter. It is believed to be still haunted by troops of fairies, who hold mad revels in its grass-grown precincts on summer nights. It was destroyed, the legends say, as it was built, in a single night, by a tornado of Irish sand blown across the sea by malignant Hibernian genii, and all that remains to tell the tale of its former grandeur are two round towers and some fragments of embattled wall.

Looking out to sea from its perch on the side of the mountain ridge called Cefn Bryn stands Arthur's Stone, renowned from time immemorial as one of the Seven Wonders of Wales. The erection of this stone where it now stands is mentioned in the *Triads* as one of the Three Arduous Undertakings that were accomplished in the Isle of Britain, the building of Stonehenge was another, and the third was the formation of an unknown pile in some unknown place. Romantic traditions in great number surround this stone; one of these ascribes its erection to the prodigious strength of King Arthur. In view of the fact that it is fourteen feet long and seven feet thick, and must weigh many tons, the task were enough for one man, even an Arthur.

Another superstitious belief still widely credited is that the stone was set up as an altar for human sacrifice by the Druids, who had beneath it a sacred well, and around it a forest of mystic oaks. The stone is a mass of millstone grit, stranded upon the old red of the mountain ridge thousands upon thousands of years ago, a mute witness of the geological epoch when these mountains were sunk beneath the level of the sea.

The people of Carmarthenshire retain the primitive aspect and manners of old Wales in an unusual degree. The Welsh language is universally spoken. To many of the smaller towns the English language has hardly penetrated. The women wear the old Welsh peasant costume to an extent common nowhere else in Wales that I have seen. Old-fashioned social customs still prevail. The fishermen still use the coracle—a kind of boat obsolete in less primitive regions. The old Welsh songs are sung by the bards, the old Welsh tunes played by the harpers, and old Welsh superstitions linger in the vales and mountains, the old Welsh love of

Wales and all things Welsh burns with an ardour which seems undying and indestructible. By its history, by its manners and customs, by the spirit of the people, Carmarthenshire is Welsh of the Welsh.

Carmarthen town was in old time a grand place—the capital of all Wales—the seat of the Welsh Parliament, Chancery, Exchequer, and Mint. Here Welsh sovereigns long held their court; the royal residence was in a castle whose only remains now are seen in an irregular broken wall or two, without apparent form or purpose.

The Huntsman's Leap is one of the most striking of the cliff fissures; it gets its name from a tradition that a huntsman, coming upon it in full career, did not perceive it until too late to rein in his horse, and so was compelled to jump it. Standing near the brink of this chasm, you may estimate the chances for success in such an undertaking: the gorge is sixteen or eighteen feet broad in its narrowest part, and the turf slopes abruptly to the edge; but the tradition says the huntsman got across. The sides of the chasm are perpendicular, and through the far-distant cleft at the bottom the sea is seen, with a strange light on its breast.

AN OLD CASTLE, WALES.

A GEY AULD WIFE.

A little old woman with soundless shoon
And a heart as hard as flint;
In the light of the sun and the glint of the moon
Her locks are white as lint.

She mocketh youth and she flouteth love,
For a gey auld wife is she,
And the sands beneath and the stars above
Were new in her memory.

She touches the rose and it falls apart,
The stone and it crumbles away,
But never a tear to her eye shall start,
This spirit of yesterday.

For this little old woman the Sphinx beheld
When the dawn of the world was bright,
This little old woman, who came from eld,
Ere the Lord made day and night.

She creepeth about in her soundless shoon,
She singeth a dreary rhyme,
And the nations drowse to her eerie rune,
For the gey auld wife is Time.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.*

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON,

President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.

THE most admirable sketch of British Methodism's most distinguished leader is that presented by his intimate friend, Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, in the volume now before us. The work possesses many excellencies, not the least of which is the brief, breezy manner in which the principal features in the life of this eminent preacher, evangelist and man of affairs has been placed on the canvas. The insight and keen appreciation of the writer appears on every page. That a life so full of interest and untiring activity, so responsive to the claims of missions, literature, politics, social and ecclesiastical reform, in addition to the work of preaching the Gospel and directing a great evangelistic organization should have been portrayed so vividly in the space of one hundred and fifty pages, is a quality of which we cannot speak too highly. We have no hesitation in saying that a book written with such marked ability and with such access to all the necessary material for such a life-record, will abundantly and immediately fulfil the expressed purpose of the writer, namely, to prove an inspiration to all earnest young men, and especially to all young ministers into whose possession the work may come.

Hugh Price Hughes was born at Carmarthen, Wales, the 8th of February, 1847. His grandfather, Hugh Hughes, was a distinguished Wesleyan Methodist minister, and the first Welshman ever elected a member of the Legal Hundred, a select body of men on whom the final authority of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in England rests. He is said to have been one of the most popular preachers of the day, a great saint and a great winner of souls. He was once preaching in London, and a good many of the audience were moved to tears. The minister said: "My dear friend, how do you make them cry? I never do." Mr. Hughes replied: "If they only understood Welsh, I would make them jump."

So fragrant was the memory of this good man that when Hugh Price Hughes was a boy of but fourteen years of age he could get a crowded congregation anywhere because he was the grandson of Hugh Hughes.

John Hughes, the father of the subject of this attractive biography, was a man of far more than ordinary ability. He was a member of the College of Surgeons and rose to high distinction in his profession as surgeon, and became one of the most notable characters, especially for public service, in the town of Carmarthen. He was coroner, chairman of the Board of Guardians, chairman of the School Board, borough magistrate, income tax commissioner, member of the Board of Conservators, member of the Burial Board, police surgeon, governor of the Grammar School, surgeon of the Railway Provident Societies, president of the Literary and Scientific Institute. In fact, he

* "Hugh Price Hughes." By Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, London, 1902.

THE LATE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES PREACHING IN HYDE PARK.

held every office that it was possible for his fellow-townsmen or public authority to confer upon him.

Dr. Hughes' life was governed by his persistent obedience to the gospel of duty, and he found that the reward of one duty done was the power to fulfil another. Throughout his busy life he was an earnest Christian and was ever loyal to the Church of his father, when to be a Dissenter was wholly against his personal and family interests.

It seems strange that such was his exceeding sensitiveness that he never heard his gifted son preach, and to the deep regret of his family, he passed away in his eightieth year, less than twelve months before the highest honour which is in the gift of the Wesleyan Methodist Church was conferred upon that son.

So far as his ancestors were concerned, Hugh Price Hughes was richly endowed. He once laughingly said he was "Semitic, his mother being of Jewish descent, Celtic and Teutonic." Such a com-

bination of ancestral qualities may to some extent explain a character so diverse and so full of force, fire, and surprises. "This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is not a private carriage, but an omnibus in which all our ancestors ride." So it is not only true that we are a part of all that we have met, we are also a part of all that our forefathers have met. Who shall say how much we derive from our past, either in body, mind or soul?

School Days.

When only nine years of age Hugh was sent to a boarding-school in Swansea. The master was a Wesleyan local preacher, a well equipped scholar and an admirable teacher. The young pupil was so delicate a child that his mother feared he would never grow to manhood, and it was with no little anxiety, therefore, that he was sent from home. He was, however, cared for in a loving and conscientious manner both by the master and his wife, and by this timely and tender consideration for a frail youth they have earned the gratitude of the universal Church. It is specially interesting to note at this early stage of the boy's career indications of the coming man and the famous fighting spirit which distinguished him in coming years. He was, when a boy, full of fun and mischief, intense zeal in both work and play, distinctly disputatious, but withal an attractive and promising boy, so that one of the tutors in the school felt it his duty to devote special care upon Hugh, feeling that the features that marked the boy might become in a man great powers for evil or for good.

Religious Impressions and Conversion.

When Hugh was thirteen years old he was convicted of sin, and through the influence of a number of godly Cornish fishermen who had sailed into Swansea Bay at this time matters were brought to a crisis. "For weeks," says our author, "he was in deep distress, so unspeakably wretched was he through the discovery of his sinful condition that he describes himself as actually rolling on the grass in his anguish of spirit." One day, Mr. Leaker, his tutor, noticed the change that had come over his pupil and he was not slow to take advantage of it. "It was as we walked along a certain path," said Mr. Leaker, "that we fell into conversation about religion, and I was moved to urge him to decision for Christ; Mr. Hughes never forgot the rock on which he stood when that decision was made." But the youth still lacked assurance of salvation. He needed the experience given to John Wesley in that little room in Aldersgate Street, where "he felt his heart strangely warmed," and where he realized an assurance of salvation most satisfying, and most blessed and abiding.

As in the case of two other great revivalists, John Wesley and Charles Haddon Spurgeon, it was a layman who was instrumental in bringing assurance and comfort to the distressed heart of this mere youth. "The pulpit," says the biography, "at Mumble's Chapel was occupied by a stranger on that memorable Sunday morning. Mr. Hughes did not even know the preacher's name. He forgot the preacher's text, but he distinctly remembers that this layman spoke in this strain, 'I have no time to give you a definition of regeneration, justification, or sanctification, but I can sum up everything in one word—*Submit to Christ.*'"

The light had come. "I saw, as in a flash of light," says Mr. Hughes, "that God was not fighting against me, but that I was

fighting against God; and sitting there with my school-fellows around me, I inwardly said, O Christ, I have been a long time fighting against Thee, now I submit. At that moment it seemed as if a great light suddenly shone on my dark heart, and an assurance was given me that God accepted me through Jesus Christ. I was so happy that whether I walked home or floated through the air I cannot say."

His First Sermon.

Rejoicing exceedingly in the possession of his new-found joy he began to tell others the story of his blessed change, and at once commenced holding prayer-meetings with the boys in his bedroom. Without delay he entered upon definite forms of Christian work, and the preaching of the Gospel began to engage his most serious thoughts. He could not brook delay in this matter, so one day he called upon an elderly lady who lived in a cottage not far from the school and asked her if she would allow him to conduct a service in her humble dwelling, and Hugh having made the necessary arrangements, began at once to beat up a congregation for his first service. At length the eventful hour arrived, and the boy in Eton coat and collar, looking less than his fourteen years by reason of his short stature, took his stand on the cottage floor before a table spread with a white cloth and illuminated by two tallow candles. Seated on rickety chairs in front of him were some six or seven old people, amongst them being a wooden-legged old sailor, a person who suffered from rheumatism and groaned at every turn, the widow-proprietress and a few small boys. The juvenile preacher took for his text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Such was the first congregation of one who through the next forty years should preach to great audiences in every part of the Old Land such as few ministers have been privileged to address. Said a gentleman who was permitted to look over this maiden sermon, for it was carefully written, "That boy will one day be President of the Conference."

Public Ministry.

Hugh Price Hughes possessed at the time now referred to a profound and controlling connection that God meant him to be a preacher and wrote the following brief letter to his father:

"My Dear Father,—I believe it is the will of God that I should be a Methodist preacher.

"Your affectionate son,

"Hugh."

His father replied by return of post:

"My Dear Boy,—I would rather you be a Methodist preacher than the Lord Chancellor of England.

"Your affectionate father,

"John Hughes."

Hugh's name appeared on the plan of the Swansea Circuit when he was only fourteen years of age. Step by step this boy of wonderful promise found his way to the full work of the ministry, and many were the predictions uttered as to the great career opening up before him. His trial sermon, his "July examinations," his years of preparation for the ministry, all furnished assuring evidences that a man of rare and varied powers was making his advent in British Methodism. Immense crowds assembled to listen to this rising preacher and reformer. Dover, Brighton, London, and Oxford were centres which afforded Mr. Hughes ample opportunities for his marvellous gifts, and great were the victories which

the Divine Master enabled His devoted servant to win. Progress, reform, immense revivals and general uplift of the social and moral tone of the places blessed by his consecrated toil, followed in swift succession.

The whole Church began to feel the commanding influence of this man from the little Welsh principality. Here was at last a man of scholarly attainments, of profound passionate convictions, aflame with evangelistic zeal, grandly gifted as an organizer, a very prophet with a distinct message and mission not only to his circuit, but to Methodism, to the nation, and to British Christianity. By his sane enthusiasm, his magnificent audacity, his consuming devotion to God and to manhood, his unswerving loyalty to evangelical teaching, his broad catholicity of spirit, he succeeded in lifting the Methodism of England out of its ruts and grooves and giving it an inspiration for service and adaptation for which multitudes thank God to-day. Under the blessing of God, to a large extent he rescued the Methodism of the Mother Land from the humiliations and grief of a most lamentable shrinkage, and initiated movements which have secured a most assuring rehabilitation of the forces which alone can bring enlarging usefulness, confident expectation, and soul-inspiring victory.

The Missionary Apostle.

Who can forget that memorable scene at the Mission Breakfast Meeting in Exeter Hall, April 29th, 1882, when Price Hughes pleaded for the extinction of the embarrassing missionary debt of forty thousand dollars? Little did the officials of the Society dream of the results when they invited the popular Oxford preacher to speak and preach at their anniversary of that year. The *Methodist Recorder* describes his speech as "one of marvellous and manifold power delivered in an accent of conviction that made it irresistible."

When he spoke of the debt as having assisted materially in killing Dr. Punshon, and stated as a literal fact that for months before his death he used to bedew his pillow with tears at the thought of that debt, the effect was thrilling and overpowering. So deeply had this man of power impressed his audience, that before the close of that anniversary the forty thousand dollars was raised and the appalling

ST. JAMES' HALL, LONDON.

mountain of debt was gone. No wonder that the report of this meeting was translated into nearly every language in which Wesleyan missionaries preach (some twenty-five in number), and that the story of this blessed deliverance has gone out into all parts of the world.

Being requested on one occasion to state how much he had collected for his own Church in various ways, after a careful calculation he found that it was considerably over one million and a quarter of dollars.

The West London Mission.

In no field occupied by the great

London preacher has he exercised so commanding an influence, and accomplished such gratifying results as during his sixteen years of service in this centre of London's tumultuous life. St. James' Hall, where this mission is located, is the most advantageously situated public building in this Queen City of the world. The activities of the West London Mission are wholly outside the walls of church or chapel. Here have been built up immense congregations in a section where Methodism was unrepresented, thousands have been added to the membership of the Church, a comprehensive network of allied mission halls and churches has been organized, and the Forward Movement in British Methodism initiated and demonstrated in the most wonderful form.

The afternoon conferences have always been a special feature and distinct attraction of the services in this great mission centre. At first they met with no little unfriendly criticism from many who had become so rigid and fossilized that they found it impossible to adapt their teaching to the changing circumstances of modern society. Great questions were pressing upon the mind and soul of this prince of preachers. Must the Church of God adopt a policy of silence on the Sabbath day on matters that were eating at the very vitals of the nation, paralysing the Churches, and with satanic daring and maliciousness ruining vast multitudes for both worlds? Regular or irregular, it did not hinder this man of apostolic fervour and ambition. In fact, he believed in the irregularity of apostolic work and was convinced that he belonged to a Church of irregularities. To have Methodism stand confessed in any form before the world as a stupendous failure, incapable of social and religious aptitude and power, was to Hugh Price Hughes too painful and insufferable a position for a Church possessing such a history. Is it too much to affirm that in one way or another he solved the problem of years and has demonstrated that Methodism can take its place in the van of the Militant Church, conspicuous alike for its flexibility, fervour, force and aggressiveness?

Free Church Federation.

Few men in the Nonconformist Churches in England have taken a more active part in the federation of the Evangelical Churches of the Old Land than the subject of this sketch. Both by voice and pen he has made most valuable contributions to what is now the most powerfully organized bulwark of Protestant Christianity in Britain —the Congress or Federation of the Free Churches of England. As President of the National Council and as one of the members appointed to formulate the New Catechism, representing the positive and fundamental doctrinal convictions of all Evangelical Churches, Mr. Hughes was recognized on every hand as a most important factor both in directing and controlling these new agencies, now accomplishing so much for the unity and success of the Evangelical Church.

If space permitted we should have noted at some length his seventeen years' editorship of the *Methodist Times,* a journal of the first rank and a most powerful force in all social and moral reforms. His election as President of the Wesleyan Conference in Hull, 1898, was a foregone conclusion. Out of 505 votes Mr. Hughes received no fewer than 369. The year of his Presidency was a most fruitful one. The whole Connexion was, by the district conventions held in all the important centres of England, lifted into a richer atmosphere of spiritual life

and service, the results of which remain to this day. In summing up the various elements of power in this consecrated personality who for over thirty years has been to the front as a vigorous preacher, an active reformer, and an aggressive leader in all the religious and social movements connected with British Nonconformity; as one has justly said, "It is doubtful whether since the days of Wesley himself any other man has united in his own person so many of the characteristics of that great leader, or so impressed himself upon his contemporaries in the Church and outside. An Oxford graduate, broad and generous in his sympathies, with all good learning; an earnest and successful evangelist, a brilliant and fearless writer, awake to the tremendous power of printers' ink and eager to use it to the utmost; an editor of a journal recognized everywhere for its forcefulness and sanctified audacity; a keen debater from his youth, a leader in Conference business, and a promoter of measures for more efficient lay representation and for organic union among the separated sister Methodisms of the Old Land; a public man keenly interested in all great moral, social, and religious questions, and championing every cause that he believed to have Christ in it,—all this, and more than this, was Hugh Price Hughes."

Failing Health and End.

About two years ago a serious break-down occurred in the life of this distinguished leader of men, and special treatment, rest, and change were imperative necessities. After some months of retirement the old energy and vitality began to return and everything indicated a complete and permanent recovery. It was a great joy to himself and the whole Church when he announced last Conference his willingness to resume his beloved work at the London Mission. Years of continued usefulness appeared to be assured, and the need of such a man from many standpoints never seemed greater than to-day, but suddenly the news flashed over the cable that Hugh Price Hughes is dead, and the best known Methodist minister in the world, and the most influential man in British Methodism has ceased at once to work and live. Without any exaggeration it may be said that a prince and a great man in Israel has fallen. From the human standpoint, his removal just in his prime, and with great questions and schemes calling for his assistance, appears a calamity to both Church and Nation.

When Hugh Price Hughes passed to his rest and reward, November 17th, 1902, the news came to tens of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic with all the shock and grief of a personal bereavement. A gap has been created, a wide, wide vacancy opens before the Church he loved and served so well, and for the moment, sadness and dismay may take possession of the public mind, but other leaders are in training and will be ready when the demand and occasion call them forth. God buries His workmen but carries on His work. Amid all the pain and mystery of this unexpected bereavement, we cannot but feel profoundly thankful for the work accomplished by this one life, and though the voice and pen of this master in Israel are now silent, he will still speak through his great and lasting memorials for years to come.

"All yesterday is gone;
To-morrow's not our own."

A LATTER-DAY PROPHET.

"God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear."—BROWNING.

THE LATE DR. PARKER,
Of City Temple, London, Eng.

CLOSE to the great throbbing heart of mighty London in the rush of every Thursday noon for thirty years, the doors of City Temple have swung open, and a crowd of over two thousand people—people of every class and every creed—have come together, drawn by the magnetism of a man, or, shall we better say? by the God in a man whose hands are now folded in rest—the Rev. Dr. Parker, the "Beecher of England." Methodism, fresh from the loss of her leader, Hugh Price Hughes, can the better sympathize with the Congregationalist Church in her loss of a man like Dr. Parker. The world mourns the death of both. They were men too great to be kept within the confines of a single denomination. Both were dominated by the same spirit of evangelism; but to the lit-

erary and scholastic world Dr. Parker was probably the better known. It was his gifted pen that responded to Professor Seely's "Ecce Homo" with the answer, "Ecce Deus." It was from him we received such books as "The People's Bible," "The Pulpit Bible,"

THE LATE MRS. PARKER.

"Springdale Abbey," "To-day's Bible," "To-day's Christ," "Christian Profiles in a Pagan Mirror," "A Preacher's Life," "An Autobiography and an Album."

But it is not the books he has written, it is not the missions and night schools he has founded, that impress one most in reading incidents of his life. It is the great unselfishness of the man. In this age when men are supposed to be seeking gain, here was a man who truly and literally sought "not his own." He buried the interests of the Rev. Joseph Parker as completely as if that man had never been born. Time and again he refused invitations to posts of high emolument out of consideration for his congregation.

When only twenty-eight years of age, and while stationed at the quiet country outpost of Banbury, he received an invitation to Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester, at

a salary of £1,000. Over six times the salary which he had been receiving, and one of the strongholds of Congregationalism, to a man of twenty-eight! Yet he was in perplexity as to what to do in the interests of his Master. The congregation at Manchester offered to pay the debt of £700 on the church at Banbury on condition that he accepted their invitation, and after much deliberation he decided to go. Of his income he writes:

"With regard to my increased salary I had no difficulty in disposing of the money. Though I never had any family of my own I have never been without opportunity to serve the families of other people."

Eleven years later he was called to London, where he saw Poultry Chapel replaced by the City Temple, and even this was overflowed by his congregation.

The story of David, called from watching his father's sheep to be anointed King of Israel is a story often repeated in history. And, while the men thus called do not always sit upon a visible throne, yet they are in just as true a sense kings of thought and kings of men. It was the little village of Hexham, on the Tyne, that reared Dr. Parker for the world. His autobiography reads with the fascination of romance; but perhaps the most romantic thing about the story of his youth is that it is just such a life as falls to the lot of hundreds of thousands of people.

He was the son of a stonemason, reared in a home where every shilling counted, well-disciplined in a village school, its champion marble-player, then an usher, and finally a teacher in the same school and studying evenings until he entered the ministry, where he had further opportunities of continuing his studies in the University of London. For most people it would have resulted in but an ordinary life; but this was not an ordinary man. At twelve years of age he was addressing total abstinence meetings. A few years later he delivered his first sermon without preparation or invitation, in a sawpit, where he had accompanied some local preachers. He was clearly one of those who preach because they must, and his home was a good nursery for such a soul.

Of his early boyhood he writes:

"The best Radicals and Dissenters in the little town met under my father's roof night after night, and all the Nonconformist ministers foregathered round his hospitable hearth, the feast always being hot coffee and piles of buttered leavened bread; there, from secular and reverend lips I heard that the British world might at any moment be enveloped in flames. . . . All this time I was at once happily and sadly conscious of silently passing through a deep religious experience. To me it has, if I may say so without being misunderstood, been always natural to pray. From a child I 'felt after' God; I expected Him, I tarried for Him as for one with whom I had an appointment. I have never lost that feeling of expectancy and nearness. The idea of praying by the clock, or statedly, or seven times a day with my window open towards Jerusalem, would never occur to me, for it is my delight of delights to pray without ceasing. . . . My boyhood was steeped in prayer."

It was the lad from this humble home who was afterward to win the friendship and admiration of Mr. Gladstone, Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Binney and many other men of mark. But he never lost the sweet simplicity of spirit that characterized his early years.

"Throughout my career," he says, "I have noticed that men never lose caste by being plainly and simply what they are in reality without pretence or affectation, doing their work with a honest heart and as in the sight of God."

He was throughout life an

ardent champion of the local preachers. He gave himself, without reserve, to the saving of men. He remained good with his greatness, and was great by his goodness. It is touching to read his reference to the beloved and brilliant woman who for thirty-four years was his faithful helpmeet. He says:

"As I thought of our unbroken and ever-ascending home-life, I have often been reminded of the words: 'No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; but the redeemed shall walk there.' There was always with us 'One like unto the Son of Man,' so that never once were we conscious of solitude or incompleteness of joy."

It is as if when he closed his autobiography in 1899, in the seventieth year of his age, he felt himself fast nearing the other shore, for he writes:

"Soon, mayhap to-morrow, to-night, I may see the King! So near is yonderland." . . . "I hope to tell the inhabitants of Yonderland that the earth is advancing towards a plentiful harvest of holiness and love and brotherhood. I hope to be welcomed by many a comrade who did not quite understand me down here in the old gray clouds of time.

"'We shall know each other better,
When the mists have rolled away.'

"We shall then have no remembrance of jealousies and angers and selfish rivalries. The language of Yonderland has no words for base emotions—it is a pure tongue, and speech undefiled. I want everybody to be there. Oh, promise me not to fail of the gate."

"Not to fail of the gate"—that was his message to men.

A NEW YEAR'S INVOCATION.

God of the old year and the new,
The nations come to Thee;
To supplicate Thy pardoning power,
They bend the humble knee,
They call Thee Mighty Ruler, Judge,
The Father and the King;
To Thee they offer praise and prayer,
And hymns of glory sing.

The past, so full of evil deeds
Of misrule and of wrong,
Of gross forgetfulness of right,
Of rapine by the strong;
The past, when men alike forgot
Thy lessons and Thy will,
And shunned Thy counsels and Thy word,
To seek for paths of ill.

That past is now before Thy throne:
God help us in that hour,
When we are called to meet each act,
By Thy almighty power!

We ask forgiveness for the past,
In Thine appointed way,
And promise that the opening year
Shall crown a better day.

God of the old year and the new,
A world looks up to Thee,
With bended hearts and tearful eyes,
To set the prisoners free;
To arm each heart with stronger faith,
To battle for the right,
And trust Thy promises, that God
Is with them in the fight.

God of the old year and the new,
Thus do Thy children pray;
Hear them, O Father, from Thy throne,
And bring a better day,
When all shall praise Thy holy name,
And do Thy sovereign will,
When God shall rule o'er all the earth,
And goodness banish ill.

A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE UTILITARIANISM.

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.

THE scene is laid in Bethany, in the house of one Simon the leper. The hour of our Lord's agony draws nigh. As He sits at meat one approaches Him who, after a truly Oriental fashion, gives expression to her profound love for His person and character. She holds in her hand "an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious," which she pours upon His head. Her act of devotion calls forth two directly opposite kinds of criticism. Some murmur indignantly, complaining that this ointment "might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor." To them the act is wasteful. But Another speaks, and His judgment distinctly conflicts with theirs. To Him it is "a good work," one that shall win for her an imperishable renown, as far-reaching as the spread of Christianity itself.

We have in this story two conceptions of utility. They differ fundamentally, and suggest two ideals of life as widely apart as Christianity and heathenism.

Utility is indeed a true standard or measure of values. We have a right to demand of any life or act which challenges our admiration that it should serve some useful end or purpose. But utility must be interpreted in terms of generosity and breadth; care must be taken lest we narrow or starve the meaning of "useful" until we deny the credit of utility to whatever fails to minister to our lower and temporal good. The critics, whose murmurings the evangelists record, were in full sympathy with that philosophy of life with which Satan sought to attract Jesus in the first temptation, and which our Lord repelled in the declaration, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

If Jesus had given Himself to the form of service which is solely concerned with man's temporal necessities, He would have yielded to Satan's command, "Make bread of these stones." But, while He ministered directly and often to men's bodies, that could not be the exclusive or chief business of His life. His standard of utility must rise infinitely higher. In the hour when He refused to conform His career to the standard of usefulness which Satan suggested, remaining true to the divine ideal of service, He for ever put behind Him as inadequate that conception of utility which found expression in the criticism, "Why this waste?"

We must indeed place unceasing emphasis upon the fact that utility is a true standard of values. Condemnation, swift and certain, shall overtake that which is finally useless. God writes His approval of this standard of values in large letters upon nature. In God's great house

> "Nothing useless is, or low;
> Each thing in its place is best."

Proof is ever accumulating that "nothing walks with aimless feet." It was one of the emphatic lessons of the past century that much which, in our ignorance, we had called "waste" is useful in the highest and most impressive sense. It was startling to learn that dust, the housewife's torment, and too

often the agent of disease, has its uses, and these of the most important kind. But for dust, we should not have the beauty of the glorious sunsets which so charm and inspire us. The blue sky is dust's gift to our enraptured vision. The world would probably be uninhabitable if dust were wholly eliminated. Dust has justified its existence on the ground of utility.

More than this, as every student of nature knows, beauty is the outward symbol of utility. We admire the soft beauty of the leaves in the early spring, and are patient with the on-coming of winter because it is heralded so splendidly by the gorgeous autumn tints which transform our forests into panoramas of indescribable loveliness. But the varying shades of the leaves are not for the eye alone. Their beauty is, in some sort, an incident. Utility justifies their charm. The life of the tree is preserved, in good measure, by those changes in the tints of the leaves which so delight our eyes. Even beauty must find its justification in use.

Ruskin calls attention to the fact that the decline of architecture was contemporaneous with the divorce of utility and beauty. When mere ornamentation began to content the architect, or when he lost concern for beauty and was satisfied with utility alone, he sacrificed his art to lower ideals and deterioration began to mar his work.

But nature is an unfailing rebuke to those who interpret utility in terms of narrowness or mere temporary profit, or advantage, or pleasure. How admirably Dr. Horace Bushnell puts this truth in his great work, "The Moral Uses of Dark Things." Dealing with the subject of "Waste" he writes:

"When we see that God pours out of His abundance, in creative lavishments that never can be turned to any practical use by us, we are taken quite away from the conceit that something worthy of Him is to be found only when we discover in His works adaptations to our physical want or convenience. It has been a great study of science for many years past to discover such points of adaptation, and so great progress has been made that many are ready to assume the fact of nature's universal adaptation to our human uses in the bodily conditions. Doubtless nature is adapted somehow to our uses, but not of course to our physical uses. Some things will be the better adapted to our mental and moral uses that they are not adapted to our physical, and because they are not. Everything created must somehow be the expression of God, and all that is in God is adapted certainly to our best uses in thought and duty and character. But if we could reduce both Him and His work to a mere contriving of physical and mechanical adaptations for our comfort, we should make Him out a scheme of morality in about the lowest figure of utility that ever was or can be imagined."

In these noble words false utility is rebuked and true utility defined. We must incorporate into our conception of utility all man's needs, his spiritual necessities even more than his physical, his eternal nature even more than his temporal wants. Not only so, we must not think of man as isolated or unrelated to the universe. We must conceive him as related to all the intelligences of the universe, and above all to that great First Intelligence, the Fountain and Supply of all that is worth while in us.

The critics who sat at meat with our Saviour have many representatives on earth to-day. False standards of utility still pervert judgment and lead men to proclaim that to be waste which is in the truest sense useful. Thus our utilitarian friend condemns art galleries, particularly those which are supported out of the public purse. He has calculated to a fraction how many streets might be paved, how many sewers constructed, how many tenement-houses built, out of the capital invested in pictures and statuary. But he forgets that man has an

æsthetic nature, and that he can never attain the stature of a full-orbed manhood if his love for the artistic and beautiful is undeveloped.

The man whose ideals of utility are starved and small is completely out of patience with public expenditure, or even private enterprise, intended to provide recreation and wholesome amusement for the people. To him the time spent at the feast at Cana and the wine supplied by miracle for the guests are painful mysteries. He applauds the purchase of coals for the poor, but play-grounds for the children are a woeful waste. He overlooks the many-sided nature of man, and forgets that recreation is as positive a need in its way as religion. If he only weighed this fact as he should, he would understand that he who provides wholesome pleasures for the people is filling as legitimate, though less important, a place in the world as the priest or the prophet.

Universities, supported by the public chest, are a constant source of vexation to the utilitarian who interprets usefulness in terms of physical comfort or material wealth. The profound philosophy that "man shall not live by bread alone" has no place in his conception of man's needs. It is of greater importance, in his judgment, that two blades of grass should grow where heretofore there was but one, than that a new thought should capture the mind and transform the life. Business success is more desired, by those whose ideals of utility are dwarfed and inadequate, than mental vision and activity. To provide means whereby every man may eat bacon is a thing to be more desired than to read Bacon.

But if you would hear eloquence and invective you must hearken to your utilitarian when he speaks of churches and foreign missions. He has mentally resolved the missionary gifts and ecclesiastical expenditure of our Christian era into loaves of bread, and fuel, and suits of clothes, and his indignation is boundless at the waste which he decries. That man is a spirit, that you reduce him to an animal existence if you do not minister to that side of his being which is most like the Divine Creator, is something which the man of low conceptions of what is useful has yet to learn.

We must cultivate loftier and nobler views of utility if we would escape the temptation, to which materialism so constantly exposes us, to speak of lives as wasted, because they win few earthly prizes, or are shortened by devotion to some holy ideal. Success, as men count success, and utility are not to be mistaken one for the other. We are to remember the truth, often repeated, but not sufficiently emphasized, that it is our business to make a life, not a mere living. Browning teaches us this doctrine in his poem, "A Grammarian's Funeral."

"Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick return of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain. . . .

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

"That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundreds soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

"That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and, unperplexed,
Seeking shall find Him."

Noble endeavour and heroic self-sacrifice are never wasted, but serve the highest uses, even where no material gain is added to the world's store of gems and gold.

On the Ottawa River, early last winter, a brave, chaste, beautiful Christian life was given in the vain endeavour to save the life of a young maiden, who, while skating, broke through the ice. Did young Harper, of glorious memory, waste his life in surrendering it to rescue another, for whom, alas! he died in vain? No—a thousand times, no! His sacrifice was made a benediction to Ottawa greater than any material wealth which the richest man in the city could bestow upon it, even if he were to give all his goods to promote the temporal well-being of his fellow-citizens. In the new ideals of life, in the fresh and vivid interpretation of the message of the cross, in the emphasis laid upon the worth of Christian character and its natural expression in sacrifice, a contribution was made, in the dying of this young man, to the volume of Christian truth, the value of which cannot be stated in the language of commerce. Unless we are prepared to write "waste" over the Holy Sepulchre, we cannot call in question the utility of deeds of heroism, of lives shortened by Christ-like devotion to man, of beautiful lives prematurely ending on earth to begin careers of unceasing activity in heaven.

This is our self-evident lesson. Utility is indeed a true standard of values, but that we may employ it as we should we must purge our conceptions of utility from all low, carnal, narrow, selfish limitations. We must remember that use is not always, or perhaps often, determined by our temporal and apparent wants. We, the present age, the world we live in, are all related to a great purpose which embraces a universe and an eternity in its sweep, and what to us seems but idle show, or even worthless sacrifice, may be of the highest utility in the eyes of the all-wise Father of lights.

Ottawa.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

Of all the beautiful fancies
That cluster about the year,
Tiptoeing over the threshold
When its earliest dawn is here.

The best is the simple legend,
Of a book for you and me,
So fair that our guardian angels
Desire its lines to see.

'Tis full of the brightest pictures,
Of dream and story and rhyme,
And the whole wide world together
Turns only a page at a time.

Some of the leaves are dazzling
With the feather-flakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow.

Some of them keep the secrets
That made the roses sweet
Some of them sway and nestle
With the golden heads of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you
Of the lovely things to be
In the wonderful year-book waiting,
A gift for you and me.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

CHRISTIAN UNITY.*

BY THE REV. S. D. CHOWN, D.D.,

Secretary of Temperance and Moral Reform.

THE vision splendid which filled the mind of Christ, as he pressed forward to his baptism of suffering, was that of a world lapt in the reign of universal law of righteousness; a city coming down from God out of heaven prepared for the beauty of holiness as a bride adorned for her husband. His vision was in concentrated splendour that which has haunted the minds of all of the great men of the world, whether they have wrought with the military, with material, with intellectual or spiritual force. Militarism has sought to unify the world under an Alexander, a Caesar, and a Napoleon. Material force is grasping for the same end in Morgan. Cecil Rhodes, though dead, yet speaks with the power of the intellect as the voice that makes for unity. These men wrought as empire-builders; Christ as a world-builder. They must fail because nothing but the spiritual force of love can cement the various peoples and nations together. It is only the insight of love that can—

> "See the vision of the world and all the wonders that shall be,
> Till the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags are furled,
> In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

This vision splendid has never faded from the leaders of the hosts of Christendom, notwithstanding that the clash of arms and the roar of battle thunder continue to make every lover of his fellows sad and disappointed.

But the disappointment will have some value if it bear in upon the disciples of the Son of Man the conviction that other strifes must be hushed before the flags of nations shall be furled in universal peace. The various divisions of the army of God must settle their differences and unify their purposes before they can consistently lift up their hands to stretch forth the wand of peace o'er all the nations.

I would be ashamed to be known as a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ if I were not zealously seeking to answer the prayer of my Lord—a prayer most pathetic, offered in the immediate prospect of death, that all His disciples might be one. Opposition to this consummation so devoutly to be wished must surely be sin. To treat it sceptically or as an amiable fad is to trifle with one of the dearest purposes of the heart of Christ; that purpose which is to be the complete vindication of his claim that he was the one sent from God.

An Invisible Unity Not Enough.

Very good persons sometimes excuse their indifference to this issue by declaring that they believe in an invisible Church already invisibly united. But what is the Church? It is a number of persons called out from the mass, constituted a unit by the principle of faith in Christ, and manifesting their unity by partaking of the communion of the Lord's body and being edified together by the preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus. Now, can

* A paper read before the Congregational Ministers' Club, San Francisco, June 30th, 1902.

baptism and the Lord's Supper be administered to or by an invisible Church? Can the word of God be preached to an invisible people? The truth is that the bond which unites may be invisible, but the unity of the Church must be so clearly manifest that the world through it may know that Jesus is the one sent of God. We labour and travail to-day, expending tenfold more energy than would be required if we presented a united front to the world. We have already come to the General Assembly and Church of the Firstborn whose names are written in heaven; but this, we are persuaded, does not completely fulfil the purpose of Christ.

Development of Doctrine.

Yet, while we most earnestly wish and pray to see a united Christendom, we have no hope of reaching it by inducing all Christians to think alike. Those who entertain such a hope would do well to study how the various creeds came into being. The early Christian Church was content that its members should hold the vital truths of Christ's teaching within their Christian consciousness. But heresy, so-called, soon arose which impeached the dignity of Christ and frustrated his method of salvation. The early fathers, seized with the conviction that there is an intimate connection between the head and the heart, between belief and practice, zealously defended their views. This could not be done, however, without morally defining what they themselves believed. Hence arose the first standards of doctrine. There was no desire on the part of the early creed-builders to imprison the intellect or enslave thought. They were animated solely by a purpose to give liberty to the truth by freeing it from the bandages of error that it might minister to the highest moral and spiritual good of the people. St. John's gospel, written to withstand the Gnostics (the Christian Scientists of those early days), and St. Paul's controversial epistles were the first contribution to systematic theology. But human thought is subject to a very interesting law. It swings like the pendulum of a clock from extreme to extreme. The zealous fathers who succeeded the apostles struck the errors they attacked so hard that their recoil carried them into error in the opposite direction. Thus a zigzag stream of thought has come down the centuries, gradually straightening out, we hope, but far from straight in several places yet. And many a preacher is in need of offering up the prayer—

> "Let not this weak, unknowing hand
> Presume thy bolts to throw,
> And deal damnation round the land
> On him I deem a foe."

A Universal Common Creed Not Necessary.

It is evident to any one acquainted with the history of theological thought that the same creed for all points of doctrine will never be adopted, and I believe it should never be attempted. It is treason to the human intellect to put upon it the trammel of a creed, and it is a reflection upon the insight of a Church that such a thing was ever thought of. It is a blunder that attains the proportions of a crime to regard creeds as tests of faith. Their pure and original intention was that they should be testimonies to the faith. It is both anti-Protestant and anti-Christian to regard them in any other light. If there be anything essential to Protestantism, it is not simply the right but the duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures. If anything be fundamental to Christian teaching, it is, "If any man wills to do the will of God, he shall know the

teaching if it be of God." Do not let us, then, seek to put thought in a strait-jacket, nor look in that direction for Christian unity—nor unity in form of church government.

It seems equally unlikely that we shall reach unity in the form of church government. It is about as sure as anything can be that God did not forsake the Church after the second century. The believers in different forms of church government assert that at the end of the second century its genius was Episcopalian; but that does not settle the matter for all time. It is only assumption to say that God's Spirit guided the Church during the second century, and ceased to do so ever after. We do not now believe in an absentee God. It was formerly believed that God made the universe, then took His seat on the outside rim to watch it run down under the agency and direction of secondary causes. No thinking man believes that now. "He upholdeth all things by the word of his power." "In him we live and move and have our being." God is ever acting in His universe, in history and in the Church. He is inspiring good men in moulding its government according to the demands of the times as He did during the second century. Since no special form of government is enjoined in the New Testament, it is idle to expect agreement upon this point unless it be brought about by the survival of the fittest as tested by the requirements of the future.

Lay Emphasis on Essentials.

Yet surely we must do our utmost to produce unity. But how shall we approach the task wisely and do permanent service in that behalf? Our first duty is to separate the more essential of the Bible from the less essential truths, and to place all possible enthusiasm upon the former. Narrow minds elevate minor minds to a vital place. It is the work of the true disciple to show that the spiritual power and saving efficiency of truth are centred in the beliefs in which all Christians agree. The work of selection does not imply that the intellectual camera is thrown out of focus so that some truths are blurred. Religious unity must not be purchased at the price of mental obliquity. Sound thinking must on no account be surrendered. We simply mean to imply that the truths which contribute to character are of immensely more value than those which affect the understanding only. As a revelation of God, how we feed upon such truths as God's love and God loved the world! As a revelation of duty to God, how important to be impressed that God is a Spirit and is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth! And that He is to be loved with all our hearts! How it broadens and intensifies our sense of social duty to read, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ"! And, "Ye that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." These passages are great electric arc lights lifted high and throwing their radiance far out over the whole extent of our sacred Book. The work of separating the essential is being pretty well done by ministers in most denominations, as they feel they dare not enter the pulpit without a burning message from their King.

Place First Things First.

The further duty of the Church, and one that seems to have been scarcely attempted, is to arrange the truths so extricated in their perspective, placing those of the highest moment in the foreground and shading them off into the distance in proportion as they lack importance. It does not take much theology to preach the gospel. An

old physician will cure as many persons with his vest pocket full of medicine as he did with a peck measure full when a young man. A young lawyer will come into court with his arms full of books. He is prepared with all sorts of authorities to throw at the head of the judge. After a few years of practice he will saunter in with his hands in his pockets. The young preacher pads his sermons full of theology, but as the years go by he cares for nothing but an inspiring message from his Master.

Conditions to-day prevent a Baptist minister communing at the Lord's Supper with an Episcopalian, and they prevent an Episcopalian receiving the Sacrament from a Baptist. Is not that unspeakably absurd from the standpoint of the teaching of Christ? It is enough to make every thoughtful heathen disdain us and to cause devil's jubilation. Yet in just this ridiculous light we place ourselves when we put our opinions in the foreground and life in the background of the picture. Immersion has an immense value, if it implies separation from sin and perfect consecration to God. And apostolic succession has a value that cannot be overestimated if it give men unwonted spiritual energy and fill them with holy power. But as matters of form these should be relegated away to the background, for in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new spiritual creation. The great "must be" of the gospel is, "Ye must be born from above."

On the Michigan Central Railway, near Clifton, on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, there is a place calls Falls View, where the train stops for a few minutes to give the passengers a chance to look upon that marvel of this continent —Niagara Falls. One day a gentleman on the train stood gazing enraptured at the roaring, rushing, falling splendour, for it was early morning and the rising sun transmuted the scene into a Mount of Transfiguration. Suddenly his attention was arrested by the chatter of a woman who was pointing to a small pool just below the car window, in which a few ducks were splashing and spluttering. She was saying, "Isn't that pretty?" Pretty! Of course it was pretty. But who with a soul larger than a chicken's could bear to look at it when the supremely majestic Niagara Falls were not more than a stone's throw away. Yet we have a multitude of people like that pitiable person, who see no difference in the value of religious truths. They see them all like a Chinese picture without any perspective; everything on a dead level. The duty of the pulpit is to correct all this and to put the great vital saving truths in the foreground. When this is successfully done, a long step will be taken by way of preparation of Christian unity.

The Open Hand or Closed Fist.

I am much moved when I think of the need of unity among Christian Churches. We need it because we are sinfully wasting men and means in our frontier settlements by overlapping and overcrowding in our work. This is no less than a crime against humanity and a misappropriation of funds prescribed for better uses. We need unity also because we are facing a common foe which does not care a button what form of Christianity it strikes so long as it defeats the most cherished purposes of all the Churches. Dean Hodges says effective blows are struck, not with the extended fingers, but with the good hard, solid fist. The divided Church threatens the devil with the Roman Catholic finger, and the Congregationalist finger, and the Baptist finger, and the Methodist finger, and the Episcopal thumb, and he

faces the assault with great serenity. He knows by long experience that that blow will not hurt. When the united Church assails him, he will begin to meditate retreat. Why should not the one question we ask of any Church or individual be that which Jehu asked the old Arab chief Jehonadab, whose services he desired: "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thy hand."

On the day before the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson took Collingwood and Rotherdam, who were at variance with each other, to a spot where they could see the opposing fleet. "Yonder," said Nelson, "are your enemies; shake hands and be good friends." Now that the great battle of evil is before the Church, why should not all bodies of Christians shake hands and be good friends?

The Church on Trial.

The Church of Jesus Christ is on trial to-day. Will she continue to let her little shibboleths destroy the unity of her moral force while the liquor traffic, the social evil, gambling and other crimes against civilization bespatter our doorsteps with the blood of souls that cry out, "O Lord, how long; how long shall Satan triumph over humanity, exposed and ruined owing to ecclesiastical foppery and crassness?" We wed unity for inspiration and strength. A Frenchman tells of the thrill that passed through him when the German army was marching upon Paris in 1870. A mighty voice arose: one single voice issuing from a hundred thousand throats. It was Luther's chorale. The majestic prayer seemed to fill the heavens. It spread over the horizon as far as there were German camp-fires and German men. "We recognized then," he said, "the power which had vanquished us was not the superior force of regiments, but that *one soul* made up of so many souls, tempered in faith, national and divine, and firmly persuaded that God marched by its side to victory." It was this grand united faith which inspired the German army. And when the Christian Church feels the thrill of perfect unity of purpose, it will march forth to speedy conquest of the world.

In the old college days, when the game was going fast against a team, a cry was often raised, "Get together there, get together there." And this often pulled victory out of defeat. "Get together there" is what the great Captain of our salvation is calling down from heaven to the various branches of the Church. Only by this means may we pull victory out of defeat.

How Get Together?

But how shall we get together? Not by union of all the Christian bodies, at least not for many years to come, and likely never. But this does not shut out the prospect of unity and a very practical unity at that. The way out of our present difficulty appears to me to lie in the direction of a federal compact between the Churches to prevent waste of men and means on the same fields of toil in sparsely settled places, and the formation of a council to direct the united moral forces of the Churches in their attack upon the public evils which infest our civilization. This plan differs from church union in this: Church union would have to do with doctrine, but federation is simply a working union of Christian forces. Federation might be after the manner of the various States of the Union. When the United States adopted a federal government, only such powers were exercised by that government as were expressly surrendered by the various States. With such a notable precedent, surely we can

cure the evils of dis-unity by delegating to a representative and elective body, chosen by the various denominations, certain powers to be exercised for the benefit of all; such as the prevention of undue overlapping, already referred to, and arrangements for the united attack on many forms of public evil; increasing those powers gradually as the evolution of the spirit of unity might suggest or demand. Surely under the grace of God and the guidance of Providence, consecrated men should be able to bring such an arrangement within the sphere of practical, ecclesiastical politics.

The light shines brighter and brighter on the radiant birthday of American history as the people rise to a full conception of their providential destiny. The achievements of to-day would never have coruscated in the brain of the most enthusiastic dreamer, but for the union of yesterday. But more glorious far will be the day when the divinely anointed leaders of the embattled hosts of Zion shall meet in fraternal conference and in solemn conclave sign, seal, and deliver the holy compact—the constitution of the Christian Church of America. Events move rapidly in our time. Continuing in the spirit of prayer and in humble search for the vital truth of God and its true perspective, we may soon expect to unite our Christian forces upon the great evils of our times. By attacking these unitedly, we shall show that we are animated by the same spirit and actuated by the same high motives; and mayhap we shall see that the things upon which we agree are sufficient to form a basis of organic union. It is not an academic but a practical question. May God hasten the time when this day shall stride out over the land and the night of disunion flee away.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A friend stands at the door,
  In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and threescore,
  Waiting to sow them daily o'er the land,
Even as the seed the sower.
  Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by;
  It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
  That warm, shut hand of thine,
Loosing for ever, with half sigh, half gasp,
  That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine.
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
  Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
  That it was blessed: let the Old Year go.

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
  Above this unknown way,
Kind Year, to give our spirits freer scope,
  And our hands strength to work while it is day.

But if that way must slope
  Tombward, O bring before our fading eyes
  The lamp of life, the hope that never dies!

Comfort our souls with love—
  Love of all human kind;
Love special, close—in which, like sheltered dove,
  Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
  Adoringly, contented to resign
  All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
  And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds, we cannot comprehend,
  We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,
  Knowing thou leadest onward to those spheres
  Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

AN EXHUMED ROMANCE.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.

THE traveller on the Canadian Pacific from Montreal to Toronto must needs pass through Locust Hill. From a point a little west of the station he may discern a fine old homestead plentifully surrounded with stout apple-trees and tall poplars. This was formerly the residence of the maternal ancestors of one of 'Varsity's most genial graduates, the Rev. J. N. Clarry, of the Bay of Quinte Conference. Here for several generations the Reynolds dispensed hospitality and good cheer. Here they welcomed those early preachers who laid so well the foundations of our Ontario Methodism. And here, before the days when churches began to dot the land, they gathered together their friends and neighbours to hear those noble veterans proclaim the word of life.

There is now no need of public service being conducted under the old roof-tree. Near at hand will be seen an imposing red brick structure that constitutes the distinctive landmark of the neighbourhood. This is the present church home of the Methodist people of those parts; and around it have already clustered many happy and hallowed memories.

It is neither in the old house nor the modern church, however, that we are immediately interested; but in the cemetery that lies in close proximity to both of them. For here, in the plot of the Reynolds family, between whom and himself there subsisted a deep and affectionate respect, lie the remains of the Rev. Cornelius Flumerfelt and his devoted wife. The inscription on his tombstone intimates that he departed this life on Feb. 10th, 1861, aged 73 years. But that does not by any means exhaust the story connected with his now almost forgotten name. And it is because the present writer has found parts of that story of such unique interest that he has striven in some measure to reconstruct it.

During his active ministry, the Rev. Cornelius Flumerfelt had from time to time a number of junior colleagues assigned to his direction and care. Two of them still survive. Both these venerable men visited the recent General Conference in Winnipeg, and were heartily greeted as honoured fathers in the Gospel. It was surely no small thing to have helped in the ministerial training of the Rev. Dr. George Young, and the Rev. Dr. W. S. Blackstock, whose names are everywhere synonymous with the good, the beautiful, and the true.

Very affectionately does Dr. Young, who was with Mr. Flumerfelt on the wide, wild Chatham Circuit of 1843, speak of his "old, faithful superintendent," who "uncomplainingly and ever hopefully and diligently accomplished the work of a pioneering Methodist minister." And Dr. Blackstock, who in 1848 was associated with him on the extensive Bradford Circuit, says: "Mr. Flumerfelt was, first of all, a gentleman. I do not know that I ever met with one who had a higher sense of honour, or a more scrupulous regard for the interests and feelings of others. I could not conceive it possible for him to do a mean thing, or even to feel a temptation to anything of the kind."

Until lately there lived at Tara

another of Mr. Flumerfelt's colleagues, the Rev. John Webster. Among the last letters that came from his hand was one in which he bore a warm tribute to his "old friend," who "had all the elements of a true and perfect Christian gentleman, and was kind and considerate to all with whom he had to do. I wish," wrote Dr. Webster, amid much suffering, "I were able to do justice to the memory of the Rev. Cornelius Flumerfelt."

His cognomen is from the Fatherland; and it was of German parentage, and in Pennsylvania, that Cornelius Flumerfelt was born in 1788. At the age of twelve years he came with an uncle named Clubine to Canada, whose fine frontier townships at that time were covered with thick forests which were the abode of wild animals and of Indians. As a youth he had his own full share of the hard work of that era, and in the felling of trees and clearing of fallows developed a physique remarkable for agility, strength and endurance. He grew to a height of nearly six feet, was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, well-proportioned, and erect. His complexion was somewhat swarthy, his features prominent, and, although not handsome, pleasant to regard. His head was large and massive, and surmounted with a profusion of coarse, curly hair. He had a passion for music and singing and excelled in the performance of those acrobatic, muscular, and daring feats in which the youths of a century ago spent so much of their pastime.

In the war of 1812, he enlisted with the British forces and proved himself an enthusiastic militiaman. He fought at the battle of Queenston Heights, and saw much service in other quarters also. At this time he wrote many heroic verses; and one song which long lived on men's lips was composed while on duty, and inscribed with the point of his bayonet upon his sentry-box. We have heard Dr. Blackstock say that tradition has it that his fellow-soldiers so delighted to hear him sing that, when out in their bateau on the lake, they would readily relieve him of his oar in order to be entertained by his stirring melodies.

His religious awakening took place when he was twenty-nine years old, and was residing in the township of Reach. Here, at the "raising" of one of those log buildings which were the first structures to be erected in this country, a heavy timber fell and killed one of his companions. The loss and shock so wrought upon his strong but affectionate nature, and set in motion so many serious moralizings that he found no comfort or help for months. At length, however, he came under the benign influence of those Methodist evangelists who had plunged into the forest wilderness to seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Through their zealous ministrations he was brought to God, and found in Him relief and rest. He was, in after years, often wont to advert to the day when faith overcame his fears, and his penitential prayers were turned to heartfelt praise. For in Christ Jesus he truly was a new creature; old things passed away, and all things became new.

He soon removed to the township of Scarboro', and we lately located the exact spot upon which he settled. It was on the front half of lot 25, in concession D., where, "deep in the woody wilderness," he hewed out a home for himself and family. No vestige of the primeval forest is to be seen there now, and for several generations the land has been owned by people of another name. But it was here where Cornelius Flumerfelt began to think great thoughts, and to de-

velop that intellectual strength and acumen which afterwards characterized him.

It was here where, toiling for the bread that perisheth with a might that was the marvel of the neighbouring settlers, he felt called upon to break to them the bread of life. In other words, He who summoned Gideon from the threshing-floor, David from the sheepfold, and Elisha from the plough, inspired His servant in the obscurity of the Scarboro' bush to take up "the burden of the word of the Lord."

It was destined that his godly efforts should not be confined to his own vicinity. For in the course of time the Church's knowledge of his usefulness opened up his way to wider fields.

Dr. Carroll, in his deftly etched "Past and Present," tells us that on one Sunday in the early twenties he was requested, in the minister's absence, to supply the pulpit of the church that had recently been erected in Toronto. Some of the more proper people were fairly dismayed to think that they must listen to a preacher who had to labour for a living; but he soon disarmed their prejudices and won their hearts. He was thenceforth in great request in the town, and was held in very high esteem. Says Dr. Carroll:

"We well remember our first sight of him. We went on the morning referred to, as was our wont, at an early hour to the meeting-house. The congregation had pretty much all assembled before any preacher made his appearance. They began to look inquiringly at each other, when a broad, heavy, masculine-looking man, with plain but agreeable features and a sunburnt, beardless face—perhaps thirty-four years of age—entered, dressed in a well-worn suit of dark-coloured homespun, cut-away coat, and an oaten-straw hat in his hand. I felt to love him at once. He was the beau ideal of one of the early rustic lay preachers, and might have answered to represent the meek but stout-hearted John Nelson himself. And, oh, what a delightful service we had that morning! Our preacher was modest but composed. His voice was pleasant, and his elocution, or 'delivery,' as we used to call it, good. An impressive reader was he. Then such a sermon! So clear, methodical, consecutive, and sweetly evangelical. His text was, 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' He treated it in a way that went to our hearts. He was an easy, natural, ingenious sermonizer. The secret of his amplification was his always noticing what his text implied as well as expressed."

We later hear of him as an assistant speaker at the first camp-meeting held at Cummer's Mills. Originally a Presbyterian institution, the camp-meeting was adopted by the Methodists of the United States, and subsequently introduced into Canada. Of the initial one, held on the shore of Hay Bay in 1805, we have a lively description from the accomplished pen of the Rev. Dr. Bangs, who himself was present. But it was not until twenty years afterwards that one was held within easy distance of Toronto. In 1825, however, active preparations were made for a great "feast of tabernacles" on the middle branch of the River Don, at a spot directly east of the present village of Newtonbrook. At that time the place was surrounded with towering forest trees which cast a grateful shade over the ground, and busy mills were in constant operation there. For a lengthened period this site was annually the scene of a Methodist camp-meeting, and we have conversed with old people who remember journeying thither in

their childhood with their parents. Lately we drove to the quondam rendezvous, but there was nothing in the landscape to suggest the past. Long years ago the mills fell victims to the devouring flames; and we traversed the waggon-way which passes over the place where once stood the waters of the broad mill-pond. It was indeed difficult for the imagination to cover the sloping fields with trees again, or to fill the forlorn valley with hosts of happy worshippers. Cornelius Flumerfelt's presence at the camp-meeting not only increased the number of his friends, but also deepened the admiration of all who knew him for his natural gifts and his lofty character. Had he been a younger man, he would have been urged to prepare himself for entrance into the regular ministry; but his age, his family duties, and his educational disabilities were obviously in the way. Nevertheless, during the next year or so, he was led to dispose of his property, settle his affairs, and enter the work as a hired lay preacher; and in 1827, under the direction of Elder Case, he became associated with the Rev. William Ryerson on the Toronto Circuit,—then known as York. Dr. Carroll tells us that he remembered "when he passed up through the town equipped for his circuit. He called at the door of our minister, the Rev. William Ryerson. Mr. Flumerfelt dismounted and led his horse; and the two friends were seen, arm in arm, walking up Dundas Street in earnest conversation. Mr. Flumerfelt told me he received most invaluable counsels in that farewell interview. This was indeed 'seeing him on his journey after a godly sort.'"

The Toronto Circuit then covered eight or ten townships. It reached into Tecumseh and West Gwillimbury on the north, and Caledon on the west, and was bounded on the east by the Yonge Street Circuit. In discharging each month's duty the subject of our sketch rode hundreds of miles on horseback and preached between thirty and forty times. On his only spare day he travelled twenty miles to see his family, and the next day rode as far in a slightly different direction again to take up his train of appointments. What his remuneration for these toils amounted to we have no means of ascertaining; but his immediate successor in that field tells us that for four months' labour he received one dollar and a half in cash, and the cloth for a pair of overalls, the waist-bands of which had to be made of something else!

His great usefulness at this time was only equalled by his popularity with the people, who looked forward to his visits to their humble homes with much joy. But an evil eye was following him. An individual, whom we have sought in vain to identify, had long hurled threatenings at his head, and now deemed the time ripe for action. By some unconscionable manipulation of accounts, this scoundrel had brought Mr. Flumerfelt under an entirely unjust financial obligation to himself. Observing his immense popularity, he swore out a "capias" against him, and had him arrested. He hoped thus to compel the Methodists to pay the amount he was bent upon obtaining, for the release of their preacher. The scheme would have worked to perfection, for in one place a subscription was actually started among the poor pioneers, and a general agitation had commenced, but Mr. Flumerfelt resolutely refused to allow this Shylock to receive a cent.

He went to gaol; and the patriarchal Colonel Button, of Locust Hill, told us the other day that he remembered when a young boy accompanying his father on a pathetic visit to him there. He added that the stand he took vastly increased

the respect in which he had always been held, and raised up many warm friends for him outside the former circle of his acquaintance. It was now his young daughter died, for it is ever true "when troubles come they come not single spies." That he could not be near her in her sickness, or afterwards even attend the funeral, was a great grief to him, and evoked the deepest sympathy with him everywhere.

Subsequently, it seems, he was placed upon "the limits,"—or, to be explicit, was allowed his freedom within a certain prescribed area of the town or township, outside of which he might summarily be arrested again. He rented an unfinished loft, and devoted himself to the trade chosen and mastered by our present sovereign, King Edward VII. At the shoemaker's bench he managed to make a living for himself and family; and his shop became a sort of lyceum. For there men sought him out, in order to profit by his conversation, which was marked by the strong sense of a philosopher, and the insight of a prophet.

In 1835, circumstances admitted of his return to the service of the Church as a hired lay preacher, and he was appointed to the Newmarket Circuit, which was at that time under the superintendence of the Rev. Horace Dean, the father of the present Judge. He next spent three years upon the Brock Circuit. While here, the Conference decided that, in view of his splendid usefulness, the rules and standards should be dispensed with in his case, and he should be set apart to the pastoral office. Accordingly, in the year 1838, when Dr. Harvard, who had read the burial service over Dr. Coke on the bosom of the Indian Ocean, was President, Mr. Flumerfelt was solemly ordained to the work of the ministry, and was the next year received into full connection. His name was then first printed in the "Minutes," where it held an honourable place to the end of his life.

We cannot here follow Mr. Flumerfelt over the various fields he occupied after his ordination. In 1855 he retired as a superannuated minister, and settled in the village of Markham, where six years afterwards he died. But in the interval he had served the circuits then known as Walpole, Gosfield, Thames, Chatham, Muncey, London, Mono, Bradford, Brock—a second time—and Stouffville; and there are still with us aged people of those old-time charges whose kindliest memories are kindled by the mere mention of his name. "His preaching," says one, "was thoughtful, plain, forcible, and convincing, and was coupled with great tenderness of soul. With tears rolling down his cheeks, he would sometimes plead with the unconverted to turn to God like a parent pleading with an erring child; and his prayers with penitent seekers for pardon were with an unction and power truly wonderful. It appeared sometimes as if heaven and earth had met together."

If his sermons were occasionally accompanied with pathos, it is not to be inferred that they were so many mere jeremiads. As already intimated, they were thoughtful. But they also revealed him to be a close reasoner. On subjects which he had made his own—for he became a hard student of the best literature of his time—his knowledge was both extensive and well systematized, and the best cultured people of the day were wont to confess themselves edified and delighted, as well as touched, by his preaching. He was indeed "all things to all men"; for in the words of the late Rev. John Hunt, who knew him well, "he let none go without his portion."

Of course, he never became a classical scholar, and none better

than he understood his own limitations. But if he never made the acquaintance of certain noted debauchees and demigods, it is obvious that he did not want the warning of Robert Murray McCheyne to "beware of the atmosphere of the classics." And it is equally evident that he ran no risk of becoming like the illustrious Miss Blimber, who "was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages," which "she dug up like a ghoul." Without ever being able to conjugate "amo," "tupto," or "katal," he became, and continued to be, a workman that needed not to be ashamed; and the quiet God's-acre that so pleasantly overlooks the historic Rouge was truly consecrated upon the day of his interment.

Claremont, Ont.

WINTER TWILIGHT.

A NEW YEAR GREETING TO A FRIEND.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

God bless thee, brother muse! and give
  Softly the treasure of the years
Into thy bosom;—make thee live
  The life that knows and sees and hears
The brightest, fairest of the earth,
  The certainties of hope and time,
And that supreme immortal birth
  Wherein the soul shall reach her prime;—
Give thee His patience, kindness, truth,
  His wondrous, sacrificing love;
The stainless innocence of youth,
  The gentleness of lamb and dove.

And when to thine Emmaus, dim
  Thou goest sadly, drooping-eyed,
O may the hallowed feet of Him
  Come after, in the eventide,—
And join thee in the way, and make
  Thy heart within thee glow and burn,
And then to be His guest thee take;—
  Soon to a shape of glory turn
And vanish. May thy sorrows still
  Be comforted; thy labour blest;
And may His peace thy bosom fill,
  And bid thee enter to His rest.

God give thee many a sunset-store
  Of poet-fancies—golden things;
Sweet, simple songs, crooned o'er and o'er,
  And many bright imaginings;
With music thee exalt above
  All sense of care on rapture's wing,
And make thee yearn, and bid thee love,
  Where Handel and Beethoven sing;
Give thee a fireside nook; the field
  Besprent with June's fresh largess o'er;
The comfort brooks and gardens yield;
  The uplift of the hills; the lore
Of ocean and the bards; the smile
  Of wife and child and friends, at even;
Rest and refreshment after toil;
  And after Earth and Time—then, Heaven

A FAMOUS FOP.

THE STORY OF A WASTED LIFE.

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PH.D.

THAT a man whose only claim to remembrance consists in the fact that he led a life of extreme fashion and folly should be embalmed in cyclopedias, and have his memory handed down to posterity in two large and elegantly published volumes is certainly a satire upon earthly fame. Yet such has been the fate of George Bryan Brummell, known as "Beau Brummell," the word "beau" formerly having the same meaning as our more modern designations fop, dandy, dude.

The author of Brummell's life, one Capt. Jesse, tells us in his preface, that those who expect to find in his pages "a delightful dish of scandal" will be disappointed. That this cleanness arises from the good sense of the author, and not from the life of the subject, is evident from Captain Jesse's addendum to this statement: "I could, it is true, have served up one so hot that it would have shrivelled up the ears of the most inveterate lovers of it."

The Captain certainly goes back far enough in the study of his subject, for he begins by adducing as examples of foppery Milton's description of Eve, "contemplating her beautiful form in the looking-glass of nature," and Joseph's coat of many colours. He also gives a brief notice of other famous fops, lesser lights in the firmament of folly, as Beau Wilson, Beau Hewitt, Beau Fielding, and Beau Nash, famous for the stinging rebuke he received at the hand of Wesley, whose preaching he had the temerity to interrupt.

In charming satire, our author tells us that Brummell's origin was "humble," his grandfather being a treasury porter. To his father, Lord North took a great liking and made him his private secretary. Young George was sent to Eton, where he was more noted for his "gentlemanly deportment" and spotlessness of attire than for scholastic attainments. About the only fact that his biographer has dug up of his Etonian career is that as a fag he displayed an extraordinary talent for toasting cheese. From Eton he went to Oxford, where "he consumed a considerable quantity of midnight oil, but very little of it over his books," and became more noted for "his systematic violation of college rules than for his stanzas."

Leaving Oxford, Brummell was appointed to a cornetcy in the Tenth Hussars, at that time commanded by the Prince of Wales. Out of this grew his famous intimacy with his Royal Highness and many events in his subsequent career. Received into the highest circles of society, his wit, elegant manners and quickness of repartee soon made him a general favourite. Brummell was so much about the Prince that the gallant Tenth did not profit much by his services. It is said that he did not even know his own troop. Fortunately, a man in the front ranks had a very large, blue nose. This nose became Brummell's beacon, and when, as

was often the case, he was ten minutes behind "he would gallop along the line, or between the squadrons, until he arrived at the nose."

Brummell, however, soon tired of his duties, and in less than three years resigned his position. The reason that he assigned was an objection to being quartered in a manufacturing town. He now deliberately resolved upon a life of pleasure, and to that end set up an establishment at 4 Chesterfield Street, May Fair.

His personal appearance was superb. Had he been so inclined he might have "found an engagement as a life-sitter to an artist, or got well paid to perambulate France from fair to fair, to personate the statuary of the ancients." According to his biographer, Brummell's phrenological development exhibited "more of the mental than the animal passions," the bump of self-esteem being very prominent. He was a conceited fop, but not by any means a fool, nor yet, morally, was he a sensualist. His strength and his weakness, at once his supreme folly and his title to remembrance, was his taste for dress and his great attention to it. In a strenuous age like this he would have been passed by with a smile of pity and disdain, and regarded by his friends as suffering from a mild form of mental weakness.

But even as an old adage declares the Prince of Darkness to be not quite as black as the artists represent, so Brummell has suffered at the hands of the novelists and poets, for he has supplied characters for fiction and subjects for the pen of satire. It is not true, for instance, that his gloves were made by two different glovers, one making the thumbs, the other the fingers and the rest of the hand, or that three coiffeurs were engaged to dress his hair, one for the temples, one for the front, and the third for the back of his head. His boots were not sprinkled with champagne, nor were the ties of his cravats designed by a portrait painter. He did really display excellent taste in his wardrobe and make-up, and attained the height of his ambition, which was to be "the best dressed man in London." He was especially careful about the tie of his cravats. His valet, coming downstairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neckcloths under his arm, was questioned concerning the matter, and replied, "Oh, they are our failures."

He soon became an authority upon the matter of dress, and like all specialists and experts, was very decided and didactic in his opinion. To the Duke of Bedford, who asked his judgment upon a new coat, he replied upon due examination, "Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?"

Captain Jesse, in his Life of Brummell, gravely records the names of his tailors as persons worthy of being thus handed down to posterity. The Prince of Wales sought his counsel in matters of dress and sometimes spent the morning in Chesterfield Street, watching the progress of his friend's toilet.

Brummell's manners were as elegant as his dress, free from affectation or pretension, and all his movements were graceful and dignified, never giving the impression that they were at all studied. His elegance of dress and manners, his well-modulated voice, pleasing accomplishments, good humour and ready wit, found him admission into the highest ranks of society. No party was complete without him, and his name always appeared in the newspaper reports first upon the list of untitled guests.

But Brummell did not merely shine in fashionable society. He became its dictator. People dreaded

his caustic wit and power of detraction, and it is said that even Madame de Stael was haunted by a dread of his disapprobation. To a nobleman who accused him of inveigling his son into a disreputable gambling transaction, he replied, "Really, I did my best for the young man. I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's."

Brummell was much given to playing practical jokes and odd pranks. In the powder with which, according to the strange custom of the day, a friend adorned his wig, he slyly introduced some finely powdered sugar, and the unfortunate gentleman was driven from the breakfast table by the swarms of flies, for the weather was excessively warm, that gathered about him.

"Another gentleman," writes his biographer, "who suffered by his pranks was a Mr. Snodgrass, I believe an F.R.S., and very fond of scientific pursuits; probably the reason why he was singled out by Brummell as a fit and proper subject for his fun. Accompanied by several friends, he once knocked up this *savant* at three o'clock on a fine frosty morning, and when under the impression of his house being on fire, he protruded his body *en chemise,* and his head in a nightcap, from the window, the Beau put the following very interesting question to him. 'Pray, sir, is your name Snodgrass?' 'Yes, sir, said he, very anxiously, 'my name is Snodgrass.' 'Snodgrass! Snodgrass,' repeated Brummell, 'a very odd name, indeed! But, sir, is your name really Snodgrass?' Here the philosopher, with the thermometer below freezing point, naturally got into a towering passion and threatened to call the watch, whereupon Brummel walked off with, 'Good morning to you, Mr. Snodgrass.'"

A lady at dinner, observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him if such was his general habit. He replied, "I once ate a pea." He once complained of taking cold because the landlord had put him in a room with a damp stranger, and upon another occasion, having injured his leg, declared that it was his "favourite leg."

A very remarkable peculiarity of Brummell's was the many offers of marriage that he made, and yet he lived and died a bachelor. "He never attained any degree of intimacy with a pretty woman of rank that he did not make her an offer, not with any idea of being accepted, but because he thought it was paying the lady a great compliment, and procured her an unusual degree of *eclat* in the fashionable world." No doubt Capt. Jesse has correctly stated the reason that with all his opportunities for matrimony, there never was a Mrs. Brummell: "he had too much self-love to be really in love." "His love was as light and elegant as everything else about him." Did Dickens have him in mind when he drew the character of Skimpole?

Brummell was not a mere brainless dude, and had he not been consumed by a morbid self-love and vanity, might have lived a useful life. He was well-read, and not devoid of talent in the art of composition, as some beautiful fugitive verses of his bear witness. His keen, caustic wit "fetched away both skin and flesh, and would have penetrated the hide of a rhinoceros."

The great event in Brummell's life and the beginning of the end of this career of folly, was his rupture with the Prince of Wales. The true version of this affair has never been given. Brummell always denied the story of "Wales, ring that bell." There seems to have been a "woman in the case," the most probable cause of the estrangement being an insulting

epithet applied by Brummell to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a special friend of the Prince's. Brummell bore himself with his usual impudence, remarking to a friend, "I made him what he is, and I can unmake him."

One morning, the Prince, leaning on Lord Moira's arm, met Brummell with Lord A——. The Prince spoke to Lord A——, but gave Brummell the cut direct. As they resumed their walk, Brummell said to Lord A—— in a tone loud enough to be heard by all the parties, "A——, who's your fat friend?" The Prince was quite stout, and sensitive about it.

The friendship of the Duke and Duchess of York enabled Brummell to still maintain some hold upon the world of fashion, notwithstanding the rupture with the Regent. But gambling, the vice of the age, soon brought on the Beau's complete financial ruin, and for the rest of his days he was an object of charity and a burden to his friends. Strange to say, Brummell ascribed the turn in the tide of his affairs to the loss of a charm, a silver sixpence with a hole in it.

Increasing money difficulties finally compelled his flight to France. All his London effects, including many articles of *vertu*, rare books, expensive furniture, etc., were disposed of at sheriff's sale, but he soon set up a very expensive establishment at Calais. The kindness of friends maintained him in this luxury. But reverses soon set in. His best friend and benefactor, the Duchess of York, died. His former friend, the Prince of Wales, now George the Fourth, gave him no recognition, and his finances were in sad condition. In the Beau's bad plight, friends secured for him the appointment of consul at Caen, and thither he journeyed.

A very amusing story is related of the trip from Calais to Paris on the way to Caen. A Mr. Marshall asked the messenger sent to accompany him what kind of a travelling companion he found Mr. Brummell to be. "Oh, a very pleasant one, indeed, sir; very pleasant," replied the messenger. "Yes, but what did he say?" said Mr. Marshall. "Say, sir; why, nothing; he slept the whole way." "Slept the whole way!" replied Mr. Marshall. "Do you call that being pleasant? Perhaps he snored." The bearer of despatches acknowledged that he did so, but immediately, and as if fearful of casting an improper reflection upon so great a personage, he added with great gravity, "Yet I can assure you, sir, Mr. Brummell snored very much like a gentleman."

For a while Brummell's prosperity seemed to have returned. He was dined and feted on every hand, had all his wits about him, and indulged in an endless flow of wit and satire—was, in fact, "a walking lampoon." To a lady, who, anxious to secure the distinction of having him for a guest, called out from a balcony, "Now, won't you come up and take tea?" he replied, "Madame, you take medicine, you take a walk, you take a liberty, but you drink tea," bowed stiffly and passed on.

As usual, however, Brummell was soon "up to his wig in difficulties." To complete his ruin, the consulship at Caen was abolished, and for the rest of his unhappy life Brummell was a burden upon a few faithful friends. Several attacks of paralysis induced paresis or softening of the brain, from which this devotee of fashion and folly died, March 30th, 1840, at the age of sixty-two.

"Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," of all his former gay companions not one attended his funeral. His remains, his biographer informs us, respose in the dreary Protestant cemetery of

Caen, "a wilderness of weeds and fennel, which grow there in rank luxuriance."

Sad enough were his declining years. He was imprisoned for debt, and reduced to the direst extremity. Becoming, too, gross in disposition and unclean in his attire and person, and his reason being hopelessly shattered, he was placed in the *Bon Sauveur,* a retreat or hospital for the insane, maintained by an order of nuns. It is pathetic to read that before being placed under restraint, poor Brummell would give imaginary dinner-parties, inviting distinguished people with whom he had been formerly acquainted, though many of them were numbered with the dead. Upon these occasions his attendant would arrange the apartments and announce the guests. When he would announce the "Duchess of Devonshire, the Beau, instantly rising from his chair, would advance toward the door, and greet the cold air from the staircase as if it had been the beautiful Georgianna herself."

The good nuns made his last earthly days as comfortable as possible. An English clergyman sought to direct him to the Saviour, but Brummell's mental decay was too far advanced to make it possible for him to take in any spiritual truth. The play was over. The curtain had fallen. The lights were out. The nun who was with him in his last moments, tells us that about an hour before he expired a look of intense anxiety and fear overspread his countenance. She requested him to repeat after her what our Roman Catholic friends call an act of contrition, which he did, and became more composed. Soon after he quietly passed away.

What a life for an immortal being? What a commentary upon "a life of pleasure," a life wholly given over to fashion and selfishness!

Many of Brummell's gay companions came to an end very much like his own. Of the Prince of Wales, "the first gentleman of his age," George the Fourth, it is said, that he must have felt corruption had seized upon his body ere the grave opened to receive it. The Marquis of H——, for illustrations of whose life we must turn to the "licentious frescoes of Pompeii," died in a manner very much resembling the last days of Brummell, and left this world "without doing one really kind or generous action."

Yet these men lived in an age that might have inspired them to better things. During Brummell's career of folly, a great nation grew up upon these western shores. The French Revolution convulsed all Europe, Napoleon ran his career of conquest, Nelson and the Duke of Wellington fought the battles of their country, Pitt and Fox guided the destiny of England, Burns, Cowper, Scott, Shelley, and Campbell composed immortal verse, Priestley and Paley discoursed philosophy, Herschel swept the heavens with his telescope, and Asbury traversed the wilds of America proclaiming the everlasting Gospel and saving a nation from unbelief and immorality.

All the while this elegant trifler dined, danced, flirted, set the fashions, invented new ways of tying a cravat, and pronounced opinions upon the cut of a coat, the age of a bottle of wine, and the quality of a new brand of snuff. Upon such a life only one epitaph is appropriate, "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity."

Haledon, N. J.

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

PREPARING THE SANCTUARY.

LONG and loudly knocked the policeman at Jemmy's door next morning before his assault upon the knocker penetrated the heavy slumbers of that worthy disciple. For it had been close upon midnight before he sought his bed, having sat long over his frugal supper telling enthusiastically to his wife the glorious happenings of the day.

Bang, bang, crash, crash went the knocker. Mrs. Maskery awoke first, and grasping the situation, gave her utterly oblivious spouse a spiteful dig with her elbow, saying: "Now, then, are you goin' to git up or not? 'Ere's the pleeceman raisin' th' 'ole neighbourhood a-tryin' t' beat some sense into your thick head. Get up, d'ye 'ear." Thus admonished, Jemmy rolled out of bed and stumbled to the window, throwing the lower sash up and calling, sleepily, "All right, Joe." "Oh, it is, is it?" answered the policeman. "Well, that's a comfort to know. I thought you was dead. It's four o'clock, an' you ain't got much time to waste if you're goin' to sweep them boiler-tubes afore six. Good-mornin'." And away went the speaker to perform his fantasia upon some other sleepy man's door. Goaded into activity by a running fire of sarcasm from his wife, Jemmy was out of the house in twenty minutes, and, only stopping a minute or two for a ha'porth of scalding coffee and a ha'penny slice of bread and margarine at the corner stall, was soon busy at the onerous task of cleaning the flues of a huge boiler at an adjacent factory.

It was a busy morning for him—so busy that before he returned to his home eleven o'clock had struck, and he was, besides being, as he said, so black that a piece of charcoal would make a white mark on him, very tired. But he was full of joy, because, having done such a good morning's work, he felt free to devote the rest of the day to what, after all, was the main business of his life, the service of the Master. The very thought of it rested him, and, without waiting for anything else to crop up in the way of orders, he "cleaned himself," and donned his best clothes. Then, secretly rejoicing at the thought that Mrs. Maskery was out doing some small shopping, he made his way promptly to the proprietor of the cow-shed, and, in a voice unsteady with emotion, professed his readiness to become the tenant of the premises at an annual rental of £15, payable quarterly, and to do all that might be necessary to make the place fit for his purpose. But at the outset of the negotiations Jemmy's faith was put to a somewhat severe test. The landlord refused to listen to any less term being entered upon than seven years, and he also required two other persons to associate themselves with Jemmy in the responsibility of finding the rent. This latter demand was made, of course, because he knew Jemmy well, and did not for one moment believe in his ability to pay another £15 yearly. The strain only lasted a minute; then Jemmy's face cleared again, and he agreed to the proposals, feeling sure that he could find easily two brethren who would become his co-trustees. Handsel money was at once paid, and the bargain so far concluded.

Armed with the key of the place, Jemmy hastened thither at once, as if treading the clouds. We had better accompany him and view the premises. In their entirety they consisted of an oblong brick building, with a slated roof rising from both sides to a ridge in the centre. It was approached on either side from Wren Lane by narrow alleys, at the entrances to which rooms had been built across from the adjacent houses, forming low archways and making the place gloomy in the extreme. Inside, the building was divided by a brick partition running right across it from side to side and cutting off a third of its space. It was this third which Jemmy had just agreed to take a lease of; the remaining two-thirds would still do duty as a stable for several horses and a donkey. There was a

large door admitting into either side of the stable, but only one small door opening to the "Hall."

And when Jemmy opened this door and gazed within, it was, besides being dark as the inside of a coal sack, full of so foul an atmospheric mixture that even the sweep's seasoned breathing apparatus protested, and he was obliged to retreat for a while, leaving the door wide open. When, presently, he was able to enter, he found that the floor was a quagmire, the walls were heavily laden with slimy fungoid growths of hideous appearance, and the one window (in the roof) was so encrusted with dirt that it was no easy matter to distinguish it as a window. In short, the general inlook was amply sufficient to have daunted any less sanguine, courageous soul than Jemmy's. But he saw beyond the filth, the squalor, and the gloom. The place appeared to him as it would presently be, made beautiful by the loving labours of the church, and he was in no wise discouraged.

He had a pleasant little habit of holding conversation with himself when alone, a habit for which he was often twitted by his intimates, but one which he laughingly asserted was a source of great delight to him, especially as he was wont to vary it continually by talking to his Master. So now he said, thrusting both hands deep into his pockets: "Well, Jemmy, ole man, you got yer work cut aht for ye 'ere an' no mistake. Fust of all we mus' git this yere muck dug aht from underfoot an' carted away somewheres; blessed if I know wherever we sh'll shoot it. Oh, yus, I do though; Sammy Corkran, the gardener, 'll be glad of it if we'll shoot it w'ere 'e wants it. These yere walls 'll 'ave ter be scraped right inter th' very bricks, well lime-washed, an' then, if it'll run to it, we mus' have 'em clapboarded. Cost about thirty bob at six bob a square, I s'pose. Then we'll want a lot o' soda for that there roof; that'll be th' wust job of all, I reckon, 'cause it's reglar 'ung wiv dirt. But bless th' Lord, if our 'earts is in th' work we'll soon alter the look o' th' place. Lord stir up th' brethring, yus, an' th' sisters, too, like Ne'emyer did of old, and don't let there be any 'angin' back wotever. Now, lemme see, I mus' go an' borry some barrers an' shovels an' scrapers an' planks an' buckets, an' see about a 'orse an' cart fur th' dung. Got no time t' mooch about 'ere any longer." So saying, he sprang outside, locked the door, and trotted off at his best gait.

For the next two hours, then, Jemmy was full of business, "borrying" such tools as he knew were necessary, and ordering materials against the grand onslaught to be made that evening. And it was not until everything was fairly in train that he was suddenly aware of a certain vacant feeling at the pit of his stomach, warning him that his healthy body required a little attention as well as his soul. Having threepence of his own about him, he turned into a coffee-shop and ordered a "pint o' corfee an' three slices" for his refreshment. His order was filled by a strapping young woman, who, when she had set the food and drink before him, said shyly: "Mr. Maskery, I was at your meetin' last night, an' I—I made up my mind to do as you arsked—get saved."

Before she had finished her brief pronouncement the girl's face was crimson and her eyes running over, but Jemmy, utterly forgetting his bodily needs, sprang up, seized her hands and shouted, "Glory, sister, praise the Lord!" so loudly that two or three other customers, who were stolidly feeding in the little stalls, rose up and peered over to see what the noise was. And the shop-keeper also, hearing something unusual, came out from the kitchen, his face blank with astonishment. His expression of amaze deepened when Jemmy, entirely carried away by his gratitude, lifted up his voice and thanked the Lord for His mercies, not forgetting to implore Him to make the opportunity fruitful of blessing to all those who were present. The poor girl felt full of embarrassment, yet experienced a certain relief also, because now the step she had dreaded taking, the public avowal of faith in God, had been taken for her, and, compared with that first plunge, the rest was, she thought, comparatively easy.

The upshot of this little episode was that, after explanation from Jemmy, two customers and the shop-keeper, while disclaiming stoutly any idea of becoming psalm-singers, promised to come round that evening and assist in the work. Then Jemmy bethought him again of his food, turning to it with a relish which made the cold "corfee," and bread and butter a sumptuous repast full of celestial flavour. And having eaten and drunk, he departed, to remind the church of the grand event to take place that evening, and to acquaint them with the progress he had made. By the time he had done so it was six

o'clock, and he must needs hurry home to change his clothes and get some tea. During that meal Mrs. Maskery, her temper exceptionally sharpened, poured forth a running fire of comment upon his extraordinary activity, interspersed with ironical wishes that he would be only half as energetic in his own business as he was in what she called other people's. But she might as well have saved her breath. The happy little fellow heard her unheedingly; it might have been a bumble-bee droning in his ear for all he knew of the import of her words.

At last, feeling outraged beyond measure by what she felt was his contemptuous silence, her temper boiled up into fury, and seizing him by the collar with her left hand she dealt him two or three vicious blows on the side of the head with her flat right hand so that his ears rang again. Leaping to his feet, Jemmy shouted: "Why, Jenny, you've 'it me. I'm so sorry, my gal, 'cause I know 'ow bad you'll feel about it presen'ly. Now I'm orf. Gord bless ye, ole dear, Gord bless ye," and making a dash at the door he vanished.

Straight as a homing bee he made for the cow-shed off Wren Lane, only stopping at an oil-shop to buy a pound of candles. When he arrived he was delighted to find, blocking up the door of the newly-taken premises, a collection of shovels, barrows, buckets, and planks. Hardly had he noticed them before several figures—four men and one woman—emerged from the gloom and approached him, saying timidly: "We've come t' 'elp if there's anythin' we can do." "Do!" shouted Jemmy. "I should fink ye could do somefink. You just wait till I gets inside an' makes a light an' then you'll see." As he spoke he was exceedingly busy unlocking the door, and, having gained admission, he soon lit up the den with his candles, stuck wherever a projection could be found. Then, mustering his forces, he set them to work excavating the filthy flooring and wheeling it out to where a waggon was waiting to receive it. The helpers, both men and women, toiled like beavers, and the work, unsavoury as it was, went on with marvellous celerity, so that in less than two hours the overlaying mass had been removed and a comparatively clean substratum of gravel was reached. But, before this desirable consummation was attained, there were several willing hands employed scraping the walls as if they would scrape them away, while those who had any skill in carpentry were busy measuring the floor for its planks and the wall for clapboarding.

Meanwhile, Jemmy and Saul, like two immense bats, were balancing themselves precariously overhead, exploring the unspeakably dirty recesses of the roof, and occasionally sending down showers of rubbish upon the toilers below, to their huge delight, apparently. By ten o'clock a tremendous change had been wrought in the appearance of the place through the removal of the accummulation of dirt. In fact, as Jemmy said, the back of the work had been broken. And as all who were toiling there, with the exception of Saul, had been hard at work all day as well, there was a noticeable flagging in their efforts. But just as some of them were considering whether they might not now feel themselves at liberty to go home, a cry of delight was raised by one of the younger members at the advent of an emissary from a neighbouring fish-shop with a tin pail full of stewed eels, a load of basins and spoons, and a basket of slices of bread. An impromptu table was rigged up, and in five minutes all hands were busy enjoying Saul's bounty. A short, emphatic thanksgiving from Jemmy followed. Then the old doxology was sung, and with happy hearts the volunteers dispersed to their several homes.

CHAPTER IX.

A BUSY WEEK.

How ever Jemmy got through the week that followed I cannot tell you. He was up every morning at four, and from thence until he sank into his bed at eleven, or thereabouts, he seemed to be crowding into each hour ninety minutes of hard labour. For, although he did not dare to say so to any one—pooh-poohed the idea, in fact, when other people only so much as hinted at it—he had high hopes of seeing the sanctuary ready for worship by Saturday evening. And by dint mainly of the self-sacrificing labours of himself and Saul, it came about that on Saturday the bright sunshine of the autumn morning shone down through the limpid panes of the roof window on to a place transformed.

Jemmy consoled himself with the feeling that the outlay was well worth

the result when he saw the bright gleam of the second-hand lamp above the door, and spelled out the gay scarlet letters upon it announcing to all who chose to read, that this was the "Wren Lane Gospel Mission, J. Maskery, Supt." A friend in the city, who dealt in such things, made the church a present of two dozen Sankey's hymn-books and a dozen Bibles, and behold, the "hall" was an accomplished fact.

I must not forget to state also that the first quarter's rent—£3 15s.—had been paid in advance by the mutual agreement of the three trustees—Jemmy, Brother Salmon, and Jemmy's father, old "Pug" Maskery, who now appears on the scene for the first time. And as he and his brother are destined to play an important part in our humble narrative, it may not be amiss to devote a few lines to describing them upon their introduction to the reader.

Thirty-five years before the time of which I am writing there had been in the purlieus of Walworth an area of so vile a character that it was not surpassed in its bad eminence by any of the other London Alsatias. Into its precincts a single policeman never ventured, even two did not dare to visit its intricacies except by day. The inhabitants were principally half-bred gipsies and Irish, with a sprinkling of low Londoners ripe for anything—from rat-hunting and robbery to murder.

Chief among the leaders in dark deeds in this terrible neighbourhood were the two brothers, Pug and Jack Maskery. They were both undersized men, Pug especially, and unless you were skilled in physiognomy, rather insignificant-looking. But, given the requisite provocation and stimulus of liquor, the pair have often been known to reduce the entire fittings of a public-house bar to a mass of wreckage, routing utterly all the forces sent against them. Over and over again has it taken six policemen to convey Pug to the station, and twice he has been known to break away from even that stalwart bodyguard at the very station door, and, sending them reeling in every direction by his lightning-like blows, has disappeared up one of the adjacent alleys amid the uproarious cheers of the lookers-on.

And his brother, although not quite so regardless of bodily injury to himself, was little, if any, his inferior in fighting prowess. He had a broad, bland face with a fringe of scanty red hair far under the chin and running up to his ears, and when he was about "half-cocked" he generally assumed a look as of some just awakened child, so full of pathetic inquiry did it seem to be. This mild mask was most effectual with the occasional visitor from some other slum, who, primed with the ultra-poisonous tipple sold in the various houses used by the inhabitants of this plague-spot, was looking almost wistfully for some one upon whom he could pour out his rapidly rising tide of murderous activity. To such a one would Jack appeal, flinging wide his arms and holding up his face: "'It me, then, w'y don'tcher? 'it me an' 'ave done wiv it." Seldom was such an appeal made in vain. The would-be assailant would strike out savagely at that smooth, childish face, but to his horror it would recede before his blow like a phantom. For Jack could simultaneously fling one leg far out behind him, let his head fall back at an apparently impossible angle, and at the same moment bring the other foot up with terrible force, striking his enemy under the chin and often fracturing his jaw.

Needless, perhaps, to say that there were few who required a second application to complete their discomfiture; but, whether they did or not, Jack always recovered his balance with a spring, and fell upon them, beating, biting, and kicking like a devil-possessed ape more than a man, and it took considerable force always to pry him off his prey. Yet, take him all round, he was not nearly so formidable as his smaller brother Pug, who, under the influence of ungovernable Berserker fury, would think little of biting pieces out of a drinking-glass and crunching them up between his teeth as if they were crusts of bread.

Both these worthies were sweeps—at least, chimney-sweeping was their ostensible means of livelihood. Both had been climbing boys in the days when that horrible iniquity toward children was permitted, and both earned a great many dishonest pounds in peculiar by-paths of horse-chanting, frequenting race-meetings, and "general dealing."

When both of them were in the heyday of their ferocious powers Richard Weaver came to conduct a mission in Penrose Street, Walworth, and was wonderfully blessed of God in getting hold of some of the most dangerous characters in the neighbourhood. This conversion of tigers into lambs, for it was nothing less, caused something like a panic to seize upon the

denizens of South London slums, from the New Cut to Peckham. It was the theme of nightly discussion in hundreds of low drinking dens, but the disputers could never arrive at any clear idea of what it meant, except that many of their most highly valued chums were going over to the enemy, and becoming—well, it is impossible to set down here what their deeply chagrined fellows called them. At last, after a prolonged and lurid argument, in which Pug had distributed at least a dozen blue marks of his disagreement upon the faces of his cronies, the two brothers suddenly announced their intention of visiting the scene of Richard Weaver's labours and putting a complete stop to his strange doings. Fired by their example, a large number of his acquaintances followed them, and in due course, after refreshing themselves at several public-houses in the Walworth Road on the way, the uncouth company reached the Hall just as Richard Weaver was pouring out his soul in prayer to the Most High God for the salvation of the sinners that had gathered to hear.

The tumultuous entry of that ribald crowd created, necessarily, a great disturbance, but the speaker only raised his voice and grew more emphatically fervent in his petition, until, as at a master word, the uproar died away, and the savages, for they were hardly to be designated by any other name, wriggled uneasily into seats and remained in stupefied silence. Suddenly the speaker passed from a loud amen into the announcement of a hymn—

> "Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
> Tune my heart to sing Thy praise."

and without waiting for any fumbling among hymn-books or preliminary playing of the tune broke into the song himself, being instantly joined by a large number of his audience to whom both words and music were quite familiar. Spellbound, the newcomers sat and listened to the unfamiliar strains. Apparently their purpose in coming was quite forgotten, and when the singing ceased, and the preacher immediately plunged into a red-hot torrent of eloquence upon the subject of God's love for man, his voice rang through the building undisturbed by the faintest sound.

For nearly an hour, the sweat streaming down his shining face, he pleaded, warned, exhorted; until, suddenly as he had begun, he ceased his address, and began to pray that his hearers might then and there be convicted, converted, and receive the assurance of everlasting life. He did not finish that prayer. While yet in the flood-tide of it, a voice arose from the midst of his audience, a curious hoarse cry of "God save my soul!" It was Pug Maskery, smitten to the core of his stony heart, and unable longer to restrain himself. Leaping to the occasion, the preacher spread out his arms, calling in tones of melting sweetness, "Come, my poor brother, come and be cleansed. God wants you, Christ died for you, heaven waits for you; come and be happy." And, literally obeying him, Pug sprang to his feet. With the same energy which he had often shown in bursting through a race-course crowd, he made his way to the platform, followed by his brother, and falling upon their knees, the terrible pair confessed their acceptance of the mercy of Christ.

Many more of their intimates followed their example, making that night one long to be remembered in Walworth; but of all the trophies of grace collected none were so notable as Pug and Jack Maskery. Their desertion from the devil's army caused something like a panic in the sin-blighted neighbourhood where they lived, especially when they both showed the same sturdy regardlessness of all consequences in the new way as they had always manifested in the old.

They were both of them utterly illiterate, unable to read or scrawl so much as their own names. But what of that? They set about learning. But meanwhile they preached; they gave evidence everywhere of the great change that had come over them. And before many days had gone by Pug had actually rented a small iron building that had been erected as a mission hall near his cottage, but had been given up in despair, and in it commenced nightly services on his own account, defraying all charges out of his own pocket. This he was well able to do, since he was a tremendous worker, besides being a born money-getter, and as his usual expenditure on drink had been at the rate of nearly £2 per week, he had nearly the whole of that sum to devote to the purposes of his new life.

Jack, on the other hand, although decidedly more intellectual than Pug, had never been able to do more than make a bare living, no matter how he schemed. So, unable to set up a place of his own, and feeling for some

reason that Pug ought to be permitted his own sphere of labour, Jack went about preaching independently wherever he was invited, and invitations were soon so plentiful that he had much ado to keep pace with them and do his daily work also. He developed a wonderful power of exposition. Even before he had got into words of two "sinnables," as he always called them, his handling of a Scripture theme was the amazement of many of his hosts who, with all their education, could not come anywhere near the utterly uneducated sweep.

But we must here leave these two worthies for a little and return to Jemmy. When Saturday came he found, to his almost speechless delight, that all things being now ready, the Saturday evening prayer-meeting could be held in the new sanctuary. As if fatigue was a meaningless word, he rushed hither and thither issuing invitations, his visage shining with such joy that only to catch sight of it as he trotted past made strangers feel a glow at their hearts. Eight o'clock came and with it the congregegation. The whole "church" turned up, as well as sufficient visitors to fill the little place to its utmost seating capacity, which was fifty-two. When all had found seats Jemmy sprang to his place on the platform, and, leaning over the reading-desk, while the big tears of perfect happiness streamed down his face, gave out the time-honoured hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." But it had no sooner been started than the accumulated strain deprived him of all power of singing, and he could only cling to the reading-desk and feebly murmur between his sobs, "Glory, praise the Lord, praise the Lord!"

I know how easy it is to look down from a serene philosophic height and analyze poor little Jemmy's ecstasy, so easy to define it as a combination of fanaticism, nervous excitement, and ignorance, but it came as near perfect happiness as anything can do in this world. And in spite of scoffs of disbelief in such heart-quaking worship, the tremendous fact remains of the good lives being lived behind it. Now and then we find it spurious; now and then we find scoundrels, male and female, simulating it for profit. But what does that prove? Only that cunning people consider it to be well worth simulating. We do not make imitations of the false, but of the true. And I have no doubt whatever that the superior persons who dislike any such exhibition as Jemmy was making of himself would have been highly offended at the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the martyrs, at the fellowship with the Lord that has so often led men and women and children to follow him whithersoever he led.

The opening prayer was uttered by Pug Maskery, who with his brother Jack had come in during the singing of the hymn. He had a peculiar voice that, beginning quietly in the male register, suddenly jumped an octave as the speaker became more fervent, and remained in that wonderfully penetrating falsetto until he had finished. "Ho Lord," he cried, "'oo is like hunto thee hin thy 'Oly Temple? 'Ow marvellous are thy works, and thy goodness tords thy people. Thou 'ast permitted thy children to set hup hanother Tabbinacle hin the wilderness. Yus, even hout ov the dung 'eaps they 'ave bin able to build up a sanchwary w'ere the light of thy wusshup shall be kep' a-burnin'. May the door of it never be opened fur wusshup but wot thy child'en shall git a personal 'old of thee; may thy glory alwus be revealed unto 'em in 'ere so as they sha'n't faint by the way, a-knowing wot you've got in store for them 'at loves thee. Han' when the bread is broke, an' the wine poured aht, may those 'oo eat an' drink know fur a certainty that you yourself's ben a-breakin' an' a-pourin' for 'em. May they see thee by the heye an' feel thee by the 'and of faith so astinckly 'at their faith shall become certing knowledge. May these yer doors never be hopened for the preachin' hof the blessed Gorspel of Jesus wivout souls bein' born again; in the years to come may thousan's look back to this 'ere cow-shed as was, an' say this is none hother than the gate of 'eaven. An', Lord, don't let anybody as works for thee 'ere do it fur money. We all on us feels 'at we owes you all the light of hour lives. We're yours fur service, an' if you gives us souls for our 'ire we're mightily overpaid. Fill all thy people 'ere so full of love that it'll keep on a-bubblin' up an' runnin' over all round 'em. An' don't let any of 'em be mean. Keep 'em all a-payin' just a little more'n their share, so 's t' 'elp any pore brother or sister 'at's dahn on their luck. An' don't let's 'ave no tatlin' or mischief-making 'ere, Lord. Do, dear Father God, keep thy people sweet, keep 'em knit together in the

bon's of love, and make this 'ere little 'ouse a centre of sunshine for all Roverhive, for Christe's dear sake. Hamen."

His voice had hardly ceased when Saul's splendid baritone rose with "Come, thou fount of every blessing," and the volume of sound, as all joined in, was so great than it seemed as if the walls must give way. Then the old tugboat man prayed. And so without a pause the glorious, spontaneous upheaval of praise and prayer went on until 10.30. And when the door was opened to let the glad worshippers out, behold, the alley was full of people, who, attracted by the unfamiliar sounds in such a place, had come to see what it was all about, and stayed, unable to go away. Then might you have seen Mrs. Salmon and the two brothers Maskery and Jemmy intensely busy. The outsiders were almost dragged within, an impromptu meeting was held which lasted until midnight, and four unhappy ones professed to be cut loose from their sins and started on the starry way of life eternal.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN THE NEW HALL.

MORNING.

Happiness being an entirely relative expression, meaning something different to almost every individual who sighs for it, there may be little use in attempting to explain how entirely happy were the various members of the Wren Lane Mission when they retired to their humble beds on that eventful Saturday night or Sunday morning. Jemmy was probably the happiest of all. First, because his sunny soul seemed always capable of absorbing more delight at any given time than the majority of his fellows; secondly, because the dream of his whole Christian life had been realized, and he was now in charge of an actual "Hall," wherein soul-saving and soul-strengthening might be carried on free from the hampering hindrances of a small home; and thirdly, because he honestly felt that he had been permitted to occupy a prominent place among those shining souls who loved God and panted to do Him service.

Perhaps it rather added to than detracted from the intensity of his delight that when he returned to his home at 12.15 on Sunday morning, Mrs. Maskery, overburdened with her long day's struggle, met him with acid words. His bounding step and bright face made her feel resentful. And we must sympathize with her a little. Only those who have managed a small house and a large family on a few precarious shillings a week in a great town know how heavy is the strain upon human endurance, to say nothing of temper. And after a while even a good woman, such as Mrs. Maskery undoubtedly was, is apt to forget the vast difference between a husband who has been out besotting himself at a bar and a husband who has been spreading the glad tidings of the kingdom of God. The one salient fact, that the husband has been out of the stuffy, workful home enjoying himself amid congenial surroundings, overtops all the others, and the resultant complaints, generally unjust and always repented of, are of a blistering character.

And on this particular Sunday morning Mrs. Maskery, in addition to her physical weariness, was fiercely enduring the penalty of overtaxed nerves—neuralgia. So that when Jemmy, all aglow with heavenly enthusiasm, burst into their stuffy little kitchen ready to pour out his happy soul in glowing words, Mrs. Maskery, looking sourly at him, said: "I sh'd like t' know w'are you've ben a-prarncin' around to till this 'ere time on a Sunday mornin' ?" "W'y, you ole dear——" almost shouted Jemmy, coming towards her with outstretched arms.

But he did not finish his sentence, for with that curious perversity of our poor humanity, so often seen, Mrs. Maskery screamed interruptingly: "Shut up, an' give me none 'f yer infernal 'ypocrisy. 'Ere 'ave I ben a-slavin' an' a-grindin' my soul aht the 'ole of this day ter keep you an' your child'en comfortable, w'ile you, ye wuthless villain, just goes a-gallivantin' round with a passel of fools a-playin' chutch. An' then ye want to come yer disgustin' blarney over me as if I was a pore idjit 'at didn't know yer. I'll tell yer wot it is, some of these yer nights or mornin's you'll come 'ome an' find me minus. I sha'n't be gone fur, only just dahn t' th' river an' chucked myself in. An' it'll be yore fault, yore fault, d'yeer ?" It is impossible to convey by pen and ink what awful vehemence the almost frantic woman put into her words, or the despairing scream with which she closed her last sentence.

Poor Jemmy, moved beyond measure

with compassion for her, and knowing how innocent he was, made another step towards her to take her in his arms. But the unhappy woman, blinded by her unreasoning rage, only clinched her fist and smote at the bright face with all her might. Jemmy reeled under the blow and turned to retreat. But she sprang upon his shoulders like a wild-cat, bore him to the ground, and beat his head upon it twice. Heaving her off as if she had been a feather, he sprang to his feet shouting: "Glory! I'm worthy to suffer fur 'Is sake, and I know 'E'll furgive an' bless yer, my pore sweet'art, 'cause ye don't know wot you're a-doing of."

So saying, he went lightly upstairs to their little bedroom, with something of the bliss of the martyr superadded to the joy he had brought home with him. And in ten minutes he was sleeping sweetly as a babe, his poor partner, all her exasperation gone, creeping noiselessly up after she thought him asleep, and taking elaborate pains not to awaken him.

Old Pug Maskery had borne his cross, too, and found it far heavier than his son's. He was eking out a greatly lessened income in his old age by acting as resident collector of rents and general caretaker of a local slum, a cul-de-sac behind a great flaunting public-house, consisting of about twenty mean little dwellings, not one of which was ever empty for a day. The inhabitants, male and female, were addicted to orgies, generally on Saturday nights, of a particularly unpleasant and bloodthirsty nature, and as their court was self-contained, as it were, they were free to indulge in these savage exercises without interference by the police so long as a fighting fringe did not overflow into the main thoroughfare. All the denizens looked to Pug as the arbiter of their disputes, the visible maintainer of order; but, alas! only too frequently, while he was endeavouring to carry out his onerous and thankless duties, he got impartially banged and bruised by both parties to whatever fray was going on.

On this Sunday morning, when with his heart full of spring as his poor lower limbs were of sciatica, he came limping into the court, he found it a seething mass of riot, made hideous by the shrieking blasphemies of drunken women, the hoarse growling of dehumanized men, and the wailing of neglected and trodden-upon children. His entrance was the signal for the attention of all to be turned upon him, and it was not until he had received several ugly bruises and cuts that the uproar died down and the listening policeman in the street outside strode away with a sigh of relief.

To none of the other brethren or sisters had it been given to suffer in this wise on that Sunday morning. Brother Salmon turned up at the door of the Wren Lane Mission at about 10.15, a bottle of British port sticking out at the tail of his frock-coat, a newspaper-enwrapped bundle under one arm, and a broom and duster in one hand. His face wore an expression of perfect contentment, of supremest satisfaction. It was the face of one who had by the sublime force of God's indwelling power completely laid aside all the worrying hindrances of life that affect the children of men from the gutter to the throne, who moved serenely in an atmosphere of eternity permeated by the peace of God.

Then, solemnly as any Levite cleansing the sanctuary on Mount Zion, he plied broom and duster until all traces of last night's occupancy had disappeared. Carefully he arranged the forms along the sides of the "Hall," then, bringing forward the trestles and placing them in position, he gently laid the "table" upon them, brought the forms up to its sides, and stepping back, contemplated the effect with a face that positively shone. The table was exactly similar to the arrangement he always erected for the purpose of his business of paper-hanging in any room that he might be decorating. But no comparison between the two found a place in his mind. Reverently he undid his newspaper parcel and unfolded a snowy white tablecloth, which he spread over the board. Upon it he placed the loaf he had brought, a dropsical tumbler from his coat-tail pocket, and the bottle of wine. Hymn-books were arranged around the table's edge, and then, all preparations completed, he resumed his coat and fell upon his knees to enjoy a restful time of silent communion with his Master before the arrival of his brethren and sisters.

(To be continued.)

WITH UNLEAVENED BREAD.

BY IAN MACLAREN.*

ABBI SAUNDERSON, minister of Kilbogie, had been the preacher on the fast-day before Carmichael's first sacrament in the Glen, and, under the full conviction that he had only been searching out his own sins, the old man had gone through the hearts of the congregation as with the candle of the Lord, till Donald Menzies, who had all along suspected that he was little better than a hypocrite, was now fully persuaded that for him to take the sacrament would be to eat and drink condemnation to himself, and Lauchlan Campbell was amazed to discover that a mere Lowland Scot like the rabbi was as mighty a preacher of the law as the chief of the Highland host. The rabbi had been very tender withal, so that the people were not only humbled, but also moved with the honest desire after better things.

Although it was a bitter day, and the snow was deep upon the ground, the rabbi would not remain over night with Carmichael. Down in Kilbogie an old man near fourscore years of age was dying, and was not assured of the way everlasting, and the rabbi must needs go back through the snow that he might sit by his bedside and guide his feet into the paths of peace. All that night the rabbi wrestled with God that it might be his good pleasure to save this man even at the eleventh hour ; and it was one of the few joys that visited the rabbi in his anxious ministry, that, before the gray light of a winter morning came into that lowly room, this aged sinner of Kilbogie had placed himself within the covenant of grace.

While he was ministering the promises in that cottage, and fighting a strong battle for an immortal soul, Carmichael had sent away his dogs, and was sitting alone in the low-roofed study of the Free Kirk manse, with the curtains drawn and the wood-fire lighting up the room—for he had put out the lamp—but leaving shadows in the corners where there were nc books, and where occasionally the red paper loomed forth like blood.

As the rabbi preached that day, the buoyancy and self-confidence of youth had been severely chastened, and, sitting in the manse pew, curtained off from the congregation, the conscience of the young minister had grown tender. It was a fearful charge to lay on any man, and he only four-and-twenty years of age, the care of human souls ; and what manner of man must he be who should minister unto them after a spiritual sort the body and blood of Jesus Christ ? How true must be his soul, and how clean his hands ! For surely, if any man would be damned in this world, and in that which is to come, it would be the man who dispensed the sacrament unworthily.

As he sat in the firelight the room seemed to turn into a place of judgment. Round the walls were the saints of the Church Catholic, and St. Augustine questioned him closely regarding the evil imagination of youthful days, and Thomas a Kempis reproached him because he had so often flinched in the way of the holy cross. Scottish worthies whose lives he had often read, and whose sayings had been often quoted from the pulpit, sat in judgment upon him as to his own personal faith and to his own ends in the ministry. Samuel Rutherford, with his passionate letters, reproached him for his coldness towards Christ ; and MacCheyne's life, closed in early manhood, and filled with an unceasing hunger for the salvation of human souls, condemned him for his easy walk and conversation ; and Leighton, the gentlest of all the Scots' saints, made him ashamed of bitter words and resentful feelings, and from the walls the face of his mother's minister regarded him with wistful regret, and seemed to plead with him to return to his first love and the simplicity of his mother's faith.

The roof hung heavy over his head, and the walls took a deeper red, while the burning logs reminded him of the consuming fire. An owl hooted outside—a weird and mournful cry—and to the mind of a Celt like Carmichael

* From The Sunday-school Times, Philadelphia.

it seemed to be a warning to set his house in order. He crossed to the window, which faced west, and commanded a long stretch of Glen, and, standing within the curtain, he looked out upon the clear winter night. How pure was the snow, putting all other white to shame! How merciless the cold light of the moon, that flung into relief the tiniest branches of the trees! "Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever." And he was a minister of the Word and sacrament! The people had been called unto repentance, but he needed most of all the contrite heart. The people had been commanded to confess their sins; it were time that he began.

HE LOOKED OUT UPON THE CLEAR WINTER NIGHT.

He knelt at his table, bending his head over the very place where he wrote his sermons, and as he prayed before God the sins of early years came up before him, and passed as in a woeful procession—ghosts which had risen from their graves, in which they had long been hid beneath the green grass and the flowers. There remained nothing for him but to acknowledge them one by one with shame and confusion of face, and behold! as he did so, and humbled himself before the Lord, they vanished from his sight till he hoped that the last of them had come and gone. When it seemed to him as if one had lingered behind the rest, and desired to see him quite alone, and when the shroud fell down, he looked into the face of one who had been his friend in college days, and then he knew that all which had gone before was only a preparation, and this was now his testing time.

It was a mighty college to which Carmichael had belonged, and the men thereof had been lifted high above their fellows, and among them all there had been none so superior as this man who was once his friend. Some he looked down upon because they were uncouth in manner; and some because they were deficient in scholarship; and other, who were neither ill-bred nor unlearned, he would have nothing to do with because they had not the note of culture, but were Philistine in their ideas of art and in their ignorance of "precious" literature.

In spite of all his foolishness, the root of the matter was in Frederick Harris. No man had a keener sense of honour, no man was more ready to help a fellow-student, none worked harder in the mission of the college, none lived a simpler life. Yet because he was without doubt a superior person, even beyond all other superior persons—and the college was greatly blessed with this high order of beings—the men were blind to his excellences, and cherished a dull feeling of resentment against him; and there were times when Carmichael dared to laugh at him, whereat Harris was very indignant, and reproached him for vulgar frivolity.

One day a leaflet was found in every class-room of the college, and in the dining-hall, and in the gymnasium, and in every other room—even, it is

said, in the Senate room itself. Its title was, "A Mighty Young Man," and it was a merciless description of Harris in verse, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, in all his ways and words—coarse and insulting, but incisive and clever. He was late in entering the Hebrew class-room that morning, and was soon conscious that the students were interested in other things besides the authorship of the Pentateuch. Opposite him lay the poem, and, after he had read the first verse, his face turned to a fiery red, and then he left the class-room with much dignity.

It had been better for himself, and it would have saved much sorrow to Carmichael, if Harris had treated the poem with indifference ; but, like many other people who allow themselves the luxury of despising their fellow-creatures, he was morbidly sensitive when his fellow-creatures turned on him. For some reason, known only to himself, he concluded that Carmichael had written the poem, and demanded an apology with threats ; and Carmichael, who had thought the thing in very poor taste, and would have been willing to laugh at it along with Harris, was furious that he should have been supposed guilty of such a breach of friendship. So, being a Celt, who acts by impulse rather than by reason, he told Harris in the Common Hall that, if he supposed that he had written the sheet, he was at liberty to do so, and need not expect either a denial or an apology.

They never spoke again, nor met except in a public place, and when Carmichael was ordained minister in the Glen, Harris joined a mission settlement in one of the lowest quarters of a southern city. From time to time Carmichael read greedily of his heroic service, and the power which he was acquiring—for he had never been mighty with poor people, but ever with them most gentle and humble. Again and again it had been laid on Carmichael to write to his old friend, and express regret for his pride, and assure him of his innocence in the matter of the squib ; but he thought that Harris ought first to write to him, and then, if he did, Carmichael meant to telegraph, and invite his friend to come up to the Glen, where they would renew the fellowship of former days. But Harris gave no sign, and Carmichael had no need to telegraph.

Carmichael rose from his knees, and opened a drawer in his writing-table, and from below a mass of college papers took out a photograph. The firelight was enough to show the features, and memory did the rest. They had once shared rooms together, and a more considerate chum no man could have. They had gone on more than one walking-tour together, and never once had Harris lost his temper ; they had done work together in a mission school, and, on occasions, Harris had been ready to do Carmichael's as well as his own ; they had also prayed together, and there was no pride in Harris when he prayed.

What were his faults, after all ? A certain fastidiousness of intellect, and an unfortunate mannerism, and a very innocent form of self-approbation, and an instinctive shrinking from rough-mannered men—nothing more. There was in him no impurity, nor selfishness, nor meanness, nor trickiness, nor jealousy, nor evil temper. And this was the man—his friend also—to whom he had refused to give the satisfaction of an explanation, and whom he had made to suffer bitterly during his last college term. And just because Harris was of porcelain ware, and not common delf, would he suffer the more.

He had refused to forgive this man his trespass, which was his first transgression against him, and, now that he thought of it, hardly to be called a transgression. How could he ask God to forgive him his own trespasses ? and if he neither forgave nor was forgiven, how dare he minister the sacrament unto his people ? He would write that night, and humble himself before his friend, and beseech him for a message, however brief, that would lift the load from off his heart before he broke bread in the sacrament.

Then it came to his mind that no letter could reach that southern town till Saturday morning, and therefore no answer come to him till Monday, and meanwhile who would give the people the sacrament, and how could he communicate himself ? For his own sin, his foolish pride and fiery temper, would fence the holy table, and hinder his approach. He must telegraph, and an impression took hold upon his heart that there must be no delay. The clock in the lobby —an eight-day clock that had come from his mother's house, and seemed to him a kind of censor of his doings

—struck three, for the hours had flown in the place of judgment, and now the impression began to deepen that there was not an hour to be lost. He must telegraph, and the office at Kilbogie would be open at five o'clock to dispatch a mail, and they would send a wire for him. It would be heavy walking through the snow, but the moon was still up, and two hours were more than enough.

As he picked his way carefully where the snow had covered the ditches, or turned the flank of a drift, he was ever grudging the lost time, and ever the foreboding was deeper in his heart that he might be too late, not for the opening of Kilbogie post-office, but for something else—he knew not what. So bravely had he struggled through the snow that it was still a quarter to five when he passed along sleeping Kilbogie; and so eager was he by this time that he roused the friendly postmaster, and induced him by all kinds of pleas, speaking as if it were life and death, to open communication with Muirtown, where there was always a clerk on duty, and to send on to that southern city the message he had been composing as he came down through the snow and the woods:

"It was not I. I could not have done it. Forgive my silence, and send a message before Sunday, for it is my first sacrament in Drumtochty. Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN CARMICHAEL."

It was still dark when he reached the manse again, and before he fell asleep he prayed that the telegram might not be too late, but as he prayed, he asked himself what he meant, and could not answer. For the Celt has warnings other men do not receive, and hears sounds they do not hear.

It was noon next day, the Saturday before the sacrament, and almost time for the arrival of the preacher, before he woke, and then he had not awaked unless the housekeeper had brought him this telegram from "Mistress Harris, St. Andrew's Settlement, Mutford, E.:"

"My son Frederick died this morning at eight o'clock of malignant fever. He was conscious at the end, and we read your telegram to him. He sent this message: 'Long ago I knew it was not you, and I ought to have written. Forgive me, as I have forgiven you. My last prayer is for a blessing upon you and your people in the sacrament to-morrow. God be with you till we meet in the marriage supper of the Lamb!'"

The text which Carmichael took for his action sermon on the morrow was, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us," and he declared the forgiveness of sins with such irresistible grace that Donald Menzies twice said, "Amen!" aloud, and there are people who will remember that day unto the ages of ages.

A SUNSET IN JANUARY.

The shadows lie across the glistening snows,
Like violet banners streaming from the west;
For now, the chariot wheels of Phœbus breast
The sky's soft waves of mingled gold and rose—
Quiver—and are engulfed. Less fiercely blows
The chill wind sprung from Washington's white crest;
And down the hill, with twilight quickened zest,
The coasters flash in two swift darting rows,
Vibrant the air with laughter and with singing;
A pause—the Angelus rings softly clear;
Within the city countless lights are springing;
A distant spire turns to a silver spear;
On heaven's high wall the Evening Star is swinging—
Love's beacon—warning that Sleep's ship draws near!

—*Francis Bartlett.*

THE EMPTY CHAIR.

THE chair of the master is empty. But his work is not yet ended. The reforms he inaugurated, the public opinion he moulded, the influence he had upon the minds and lives of men—works like these are never ended. We may fold the hands that wrought them in peace, but the impetus they have given men is felt to the farthermost shores of time. For seventeen years Hugh Price Hughes stood at the helm of The Methodist Times. With six or seven exceptions he wrote the leader every week of all these years. "A great preacher, a great reformer, a great editor, a man abreast of his day," says one of his brethren in a memorial pamphlet, "it is too early to speak of his work for Methodism; but I believe that, under God, he, and one or two associated with him, lifted Methodism to a higher level, sent her forth equipped more bravely for the fight, and that the Forward Movement he championed has made it possible—nay, probable—that Methodism will be the Church of the twentieth century." Certainly no Nonconformist preacher since the death of Punshon has had so much space accorded him by the English dailies. Probably his best known work is the founding of the West London Mission, with all the various missions to which it gave birth throughout the world. It was his hand that made itself felt in the National Free Church Council. It was he who, to a large extent, liberalized the mind of English Methodism, and led his Church forth "into a larger place."

His health, it is true, had not been of the best for some years, but with his vigour, his animation, his strenuous life, the fact was little apparent to the world, and the passing away of the foremost preacher of Methodism, after but a few hours' illness,* came as a shock to Christendom. Only in death was the soldier's armour removed; he fought up to the last hours in the forefront of the battle.

On Sunday evening (the night before his death) he delivered one of his most powerful and telling sermons in St. James' Hall. The great audience was hushed throughout in a marked silence. At the close he stepped down from the platform to seek out and speak to a discharged prisoner. Beautiful act to close the last Sabbath of a Christ-filled life! It is with a feeling of solemnity we take up The Times to read his last editorial, written a few days before his death. It is a discourse on Denney's book, "The Death of Christ." In it he reveals everywhere the broad catholicity of mind, the evangelical spirit that dominated his life. He agreed with Mr. Denney that the words of the revival hymn, "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe," had the root of the matter in them. In this spirit of humility he was called into the presence of his Lord.

It takes a great man to maintain his greatness in the eyes of those who serve him daily, and in this connection we would place among the highest tributes to his memory the heartfelt sorrow of his staff at the loss of their chief. They sorrow as children bereft of a father, as soldiers whose leader is fallen in battle.

The Rev. W. E. Seller speaks touchingly of his last cycle ride with him only the week before. They took a run of twenty miles together, and Mr. Seller says he seemed overflowing with good spirits, and believed he had twenty years of work before him. They discussed the topics of interest, as the Education Bill and the needs of Methodism.

It is interesting to note how this forceful life was directed into evangelical lines. In his youth it was his ambition to be a scholarly preacher, but at his first Sunday night service a number of conversions took place, and he says, "God shunted me on to that line, and I have been running on it ever since. I was called upon to decide whether I should follow my literary ambitions or seek souls, and I thank God that I chose the saving of men."

His success was doubtless due in a large measure to his optimism. He feared nothing, faltered at nothing. Moreover, from a child he had kept thoroughly in touch with the world. As a mere boy he loved to pore over the newspaper and discuss topics of world-wide interest. Says a writer in The Review of Reviews: "No

*After a meeting he walked with a "sister" of the Mission, who wished to consult him, was seized with apoplexy on the street, and was conveyed home in a cab, but died within an hour without regaining consciousness.

matter what subject he had intended to speak about on Saturday, he will discard it on Sunday for that which is more up-to-date. He will be abreast of the times, whoever else may care to lag behind." Into his life of little more than half a century was surely crowded more of doing than into four-score years for ordinary men. The Times fittingly applies to him the lines from Browning he had used in one of his last editorials :

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Last Rites.

The burial of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes was most impressive. The funeral service was held in that Wesley Chapel from which the body of the founder of Methodism was borne to its resting place in the rear of the building. Representatives of all the Protestant Churches of Great Britain, of both Houses of Parliament, of the universities, and of many public bodies, paid their tribute of love and reverence to his memory, and the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen sent a lovely wreath. Mark Guy Pearse, his faithful colleague for many years, conducted the service at the grave. Mrs. Hughes, her two sons and daughters, flung a bunch of violets upon the coffin. Mrs. Hughes' wreath bore the touching words, "To Hugh from Katie : 'I have fought the good fight.'"

Dr. Lunn and Guy Pearse preached impressive memorial sermons at St. James' Hall, multitudes assembling five hours before the time of service. Generous tributes to his noble life and character were given in many of the London churches, including St. Paul's Cathedral and St. Michael's, Highgate, where the Bishop of London expressed the sympathy of the national church for their Wesleyan brethren.

Throughout the kingdom in Methodist churches everywhere memorial services were held. The leading London journals, Catholic and Protestant, Jewish and Christian, High Church and Low Church, had words of striking appreciation. Mr. Percy W. Bunting, M.A., editor of The Contemporary Review, will, for the time, assume the editorship of The Methodist Times. Mark Guy Pearse, who was to have sailed for the West Indies, cancelled his passage to preach without stipend at the morning service at St. James' Hall till permanent arrangements are made. Nearly two thousand telegrams and letters of sympathy were received, including this cablegram from Canada : "Canadian Methodism mourns with British Methodism the death of Hugh Price Hughes.—Carman."

THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet.
I asked and paused : he answered, soft and low :
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?" I cried,
And ere the question into silence died
The answer came : "Nay ; but remember, too,
God's will to do."

Once more I asked : "Is there no more to tell?"
And once again the answer softly fell :
"Yes ; this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love."

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN.

Never has such an important and successful campaign been waged in Canada as that which reached its climax on December 4th. The temperance leaders used the pulpit, the platform, and the press for the public enlightenment. They sowed the country knee-deep with prohibition literature, as did Neal Dow in Maine, and by song and cartoon, figures of fact and figures of rhetoric, waged the great moral campaign.

The liquor interests fought with desperation, for their craft was in danger. They appealed to the most sordid and selfish interests of the people. The prohibitionists appealed to the patriotism, the humanity, the better instincts of the community.

The liquor interest shrank from no fraud, ballot-stuffing, and personation of the absent and the dead. The most significant feature was the change of sentiment in the cities. The fifteen cities of Ontario—where the liquor interests are the most concentrated and powerful—to the surprise of both parties, gave a majority of 2,294 in favour of prohibition. Toronto led the van by a majority of 1,531. The growth of prohibition sentiment may be measured by comparison with the vote of 1898, when Toronto recorded a majority of 4,137 against a less stringent act, a change of nearly 2,000 votes.

The vote of 176,000 for prohibition, against a minority of 91,000, was a surprisingly large one when all the circumstances are taken into account. The temperance people have so often been asked to vote that small wonder some of them considered that their verdict was already sufficiently recorded, and, in view of the impossible conditions imposed, refused, we think unwisely, again to register their will. Dr. Ross is understood to say that he is yet unconvinced that Ontario is ripe for prohibition. Sir Oliver Mowat, eight years ago, on a similar plebiscite and a similar vote, with four members of his Government declared that the vote was such a striking mandate that so soon and so far as he could enact prohibition he would do so. Yet, under conditions vastly more difficult, as large a majority has been registered, but our Premier thinks the country is not yet ripe.

Then, in the 1894 vote, 12,402 women voted for the Act, against 2,246 against it. Now the woman vote was excluded, and a vote 20,250 larger than that which was pronounced to be so large and emphatic, is demanded. If Dr. Ross' advisers in the Cabinet prevented him from carrying out his pledge, he should get rid of them and keep his promise made to the people of Ontario. If the vote had been permitted under the same conditions as in 1894, we believe that far more than even the 20,000 additional votes required would have been recorded. One of the most extraordinary features was the overwhelming preponderance of prohibition votes in some of the constituencies; in one it was seven to one, in another nine to one.

The prohibitionists thank God and take courage, and, in the words of Dr. Potts, will be "up and at it again." The saloon in Canada has got its notice to quit. The rising tide of popular sentiment will soon sweep it away.

What Next?

This emphatic verdict of the people is a mandate to the Government of Ontario not to trifle with the best interests of the country. These votes must be weighed as well as counted. While all who voted against prohibition are not in favour of the saloon, yet every rough and tough that hangs about the saloon, that parasite on our civilization, we may be sure was against prohibition. The handful of respectable merchants and bankers who allowed themselves to be hypnotized by the spell-binder of the liquor interest into signing a manifesto against prohibition may be very honourable men themselves, but they were in very bad company. Mr. Spence asked one of them if he had read the act before he signed the petition. He confessed he had not. "If you had," said Mr. Spence, "you never would have signed it." The Government must do something to relieve the situation. The saloon is discredited everywhere. No political party dare longer ally itself with the drink traffic or be dragged at its chariot wheels.

The Government must give us further legislation, more restriction, better control of the drunkard-making trade. The liquor traffic is ever the lawless, God-and-man-defying institu-

tion which no chains can fetter. The penalties for law-breaking should be increased from a nominal fine to a very severe one for a first offence and imprisonment without option of a fine for a second. The saloon should be closed not merely at seven o'clock on Saturday night, but every night. The screens and curtains and shutters, behind which it conceals its deadly work, should be removed. Every other trade, the butcher's, the baker's, the grocer's, the mercer's, exhibits its wares and courts publicity. The saloon alone shuns the light because its deeds are evil.

That great statesman, the Honourable Adam Crooks, by a single stroke of his pen, abolished more bar-rooms than the whole of those that would have been wiped out by the Liquor Act of 1902, and not a hint was suggested as to compensation. If the present Premier would only rise to the height of similar statesmanship, he might win name and fame in the history of Canada.

A STEP HIGHER.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

THE lights had not yet been turned on, but the darkness was gathering fast. It was New Year's Eve. Oscar Hamilton sat alone in the music-room of his mansion home. His beautiful young daughter had just glided from the organ-stool, and the silence she left behind her seemed sweetened and vibrant with the echoes of her music. The shadows were thickening in the corners of the room, and creeping up over the organ-pipes, forming themselves in weird, fantastic, shapeless things.

There was a sound of hurrying feet through the halls. It was an hour of preparation. For there was to be a party and much merry-making in the Hamilton mansion to-night. But the master of the house sat apart for awhile—he was thinking—thinking—thinking. And it was New Year's Eve. The sounds of preparation below reached the music-room only in muffled, softened confusion, forming a background to his dreams.

It was on New Year's Eve that he had first come to the city, a mere lad in coarse clothing, seeking a way to fortune. That was twenty-three years ago, but his vision of it to-night was clear and undimmed. He could see the snow falling as he tramped the side streets, grip in hand, looking for a third-rate boarding-house. He had started in a subordinate position in a carpet factory, but the gates had opened before him year by year. To-day he was chief partner in the firm. He had shown a marked aptitude for the business. His carpets were in all the up-to-date stores of America.

He had married a wealthy woman years ago, who inherited the house of her father. Refined by nature, he had taken easily the outer impress of the refinement around him. His wife was by no means a heartless devotee of fashion. He had got with her wealth a loyal and loving heart as well.

But to-night he was not thinking of the life around him here. He saw something in the darkness—an old, weather-worn house, a few acres of land behind it, a little stable, the smoke curling upward from the kitchen chimney, an old man, bent but cheery, shovelling a road through the snow to the stable, where the little Jersey cow was lowing at her hay.

Oscar Hamilton saw it all in the shadows. It was the home of his father and mother. He could see the winter sun setting clear and red across the white Muskoka world. And yonder was the white tower of the little Methodist church. They would be holding a watch-night service there to-night as they used to years ago. His old father would be praying for the incoming of the glory of the Lord.

Oscar Hamilton lowered his head as he thought of it all. It was not that he had been a heartless son, he told himself. He had written home always. He sent them money every few months. In fact, that was all

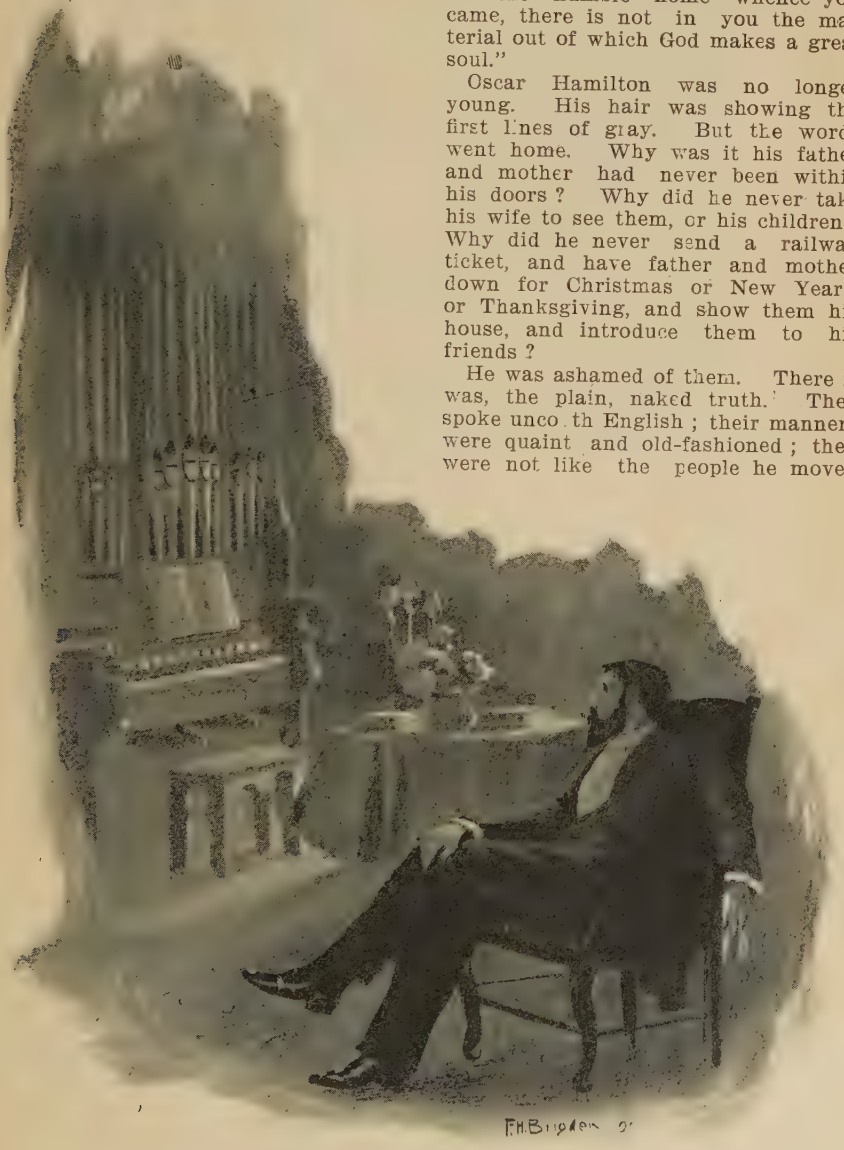
that stood between them and the poor-house. He even went to see them every few years when business permitted. In olden days it used to be "going home." But as he had grown richer and fallen in with more fashionable people, it had come to be "going on a little hunting trip up in Muskoka." And he had decked himself out as a huntsman, and come back with a brace of ducks or two.

It might have been the sermon on Sunday night that set him thinking. The preacher had not so much as looked toward him, but the words lingered with him. Their piercing utterance half-startled him in his pew.

"Young man, young woman," the speaker had said. "If you have come up to this city and are filling a high position, and if you are ashamed to own your poor old father and mother and the humble home whence you came, there is not in you the material out of which God makes a great soul."

Oscar Hamilton was no longer young. His hair was showing the first lines of gray. But the words went home. Why was it his father and mother had never been within his doors? Why did he never take his wife to see them, or his children? Why did he never send a railway ticket, and have father and mother down for Christmas or New Year's or Thanksgiving, and show them his house, and introduce them to his friends?

He was ashamed of them. There it was, the plain, naked truth. They spoke uncouth English; their manners were quaint and old-fashioned; they were not like the people he moved



OSCAR HAMILTON'S NEW YEAR'S EVE.

among. He had asked them in a casual way now and again. But they had excused themselves. They were "not much used to travellin', and were gettin' old." Dear, unselfish hearts! They understood too well how it was. They would never embarrass him by coming unless they saw it was really his pleasure.

And to-night his head sank lower as he thought of it. He was ashamed of himself — ashamed — ashamed—oh, so ashamed! Suppose he had been successful in the business world—what was he, after all, beside the old man shovelling snow? What were many of his fashionable friends compared to these two unselfish, unworldly hearts who, in earlier days, had sacrificed so much for him?

True, he provided their living. But that cost him no sacrifice. And what, after all, was the son they had raised more than this to them? They knew he dwelt somewhere far away in a beautiful house. They could talk about him, but they had no part in his life. Was it fair? There would be music and gaiety in his beautiful house to-night, but they knew nothing of it. The girl who had just glided away from the organ-stool—how like his mother's was her face! Was it fair that "grandmother" should see so little of her son's children?

It was dark now. He rose uneasily and went over to the great, deep-set window. The stars were shining, the last stars of the old year, in the dark winter sky. Another year was coming. Tick! tick! tick! It came on through the starry night. An hour later the electric light was turned on in the music-room. A man folded a letter tenderly, sealed it and touched a bell.

"You will please post this letter, James," he said to the man who answered. "And, my dear," he said, turning to his wife, who entered at the moment, "do you think you could get the best room ready for father and mother this week?"

"Why, are they really coming, Oscar? You have asked them often enough, and they never came."

"But I think—I am sure my letter this time will bring them. I am sorry they are not with us to begin the new year."

And his wife thought she had never noticed how truly manly her husband looked before.

A NEW YEAR VISION OF DOUBT AND FAITH.

DOUBT.

The world is waxing old—'tis surely dying,
Its Soul is spent, its Past entombed is lying.
The Fount has failed whence flowed all youth and beauty,
Or martial manhood, wed to truth and duty.

FAITH.

No! No! the World is young and strong and fecund,
With hidden resurrections, springing jocund
From seed and soil, from earth, and air, and waters,
From the new nests the babbling birds are building,
And from the sunlit souls of singing children.
Mother of myriad new-born sons and daughters,
She thrills with life that is, and life to come—
Say not the World is old—the World is young!

DOUBT.

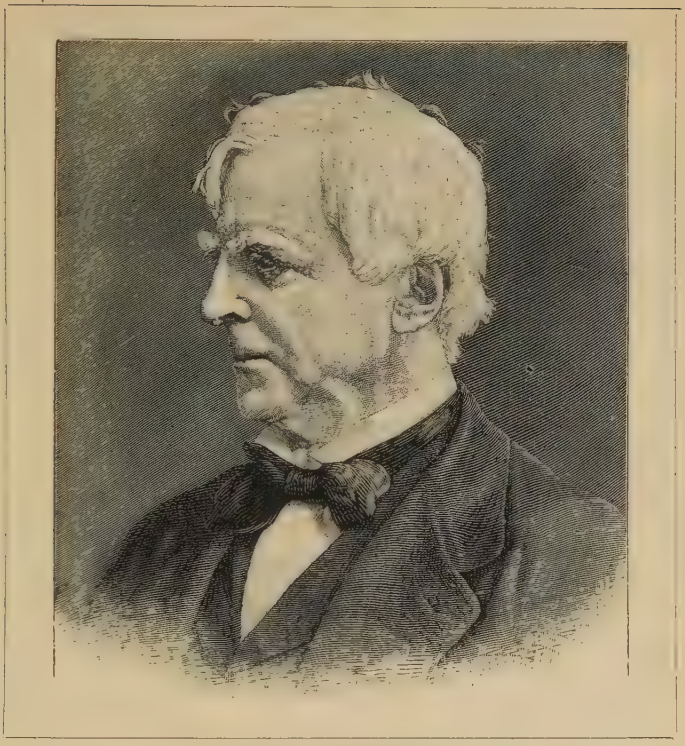
Midnight is nearing; shadows, swiftly stealing,
Enshroud the heart with chill and cheerless feeling.
The weary world sinks slowly to its sleeping
'Mid gathering gloom, too dark, too sad for weeping.

FAITH.

No! No! not midnight cometh—but the morning,
Those shadows are not Day's death, but its dawning.
'Twill soon be sunrise! Light-beams flood the air.
Say not 'tis night—'tis daybreak everywhere!
The bells ring not for vespers but are pealing
A sunrise summons: "Hasten ye to labour
For Christ and Country—little ones and neighbour."
No chant, no vesper hymns of rest and sleeping,
But matin songs of sowing and of reaping.

—*Rev. B. C. Cory.*

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.



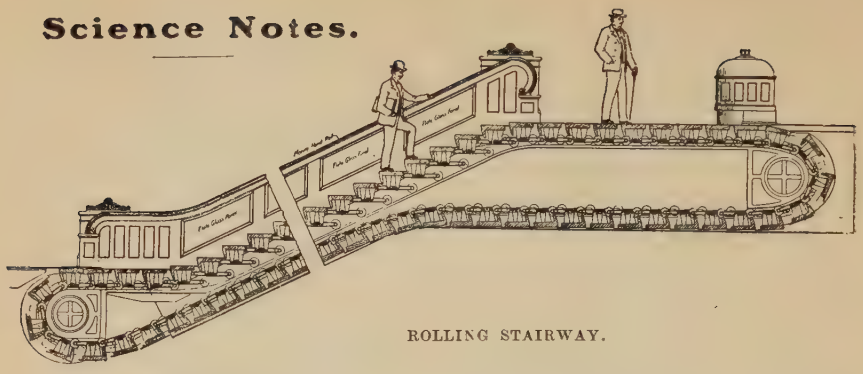
VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE.

The death of Mr. Arthur Patchett Martin, says a writer in the Montreal Witness, recalls to mind an Australian who wrote the "Life of Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke," after the author went to live in London. Robert Lowe was a notable figure in Australia for eight years, and if it had not been for the glare of the sun, or the refusal of a police-magistrate-ship, when his weak sight prevented him from doing bar duty, he might have spent the rest of his life there. This was chance, perhaps, but there was no chance in the splendid fight he made against physical infirmities. It was a long struggle, cheerfully carried on, and would have broken the spirit of any ordinary man. Born an albino, the pupils of his eyes were minus the usual shaded fringe which protects the optic nerves from superfluous light. Only one eye was good for reading, and that one so out of focus that to read at all he had to hold the print close up to it. From about his twenty-fifth year to the end of his life he was not allowed to read by artificial light, yet he earned his living at the Sydney bar, although he never obtained a clear view of witness, juror, or judge, and, returning to England, entered the House of Commons, the members of which he never saw. There, as we all know, he won a foremost place as a debater, became Chancellor of the Exchequer, under such a master of finance as Gladstone, and died Lord Sherbrooke.

Besides Latin and Greek, he knew French and Italian, and, at Oxford, for mere recreation, he mastered Sanscrit. "When I think," he wrote at sixty, "of all the things I might have known if I had not had this misfortune, I am astonished how persons who have all their winter evenings to themselves contrive to know so little."

Undoubtedly, Robert Lowe had great mental gifts, but the majority of people with as many or more would have spent their lives in being sorry for themselves, and in making all around them miserable. Lowe's life, like that of the blind Postmaster-General of England, Fawcett, is inspiring, and well worth the while of being recalled to the memory from time to time. It may, indeed, cause those of us to be ashamed who repine because of little or imaginary ills, and who become the slaves of circumstance.

Science Notes.



ROLLING STAIRWAY.

Travelling Stairways.

The accompanying illustration shows moving stairways which are now being erected on the New York Elevated Railway.

It consists of an endless chain of rubber-covered steps attached to a series of transverse axles, upon the ends of which are small bearing wheels which serve to engage the lateral rails upon which the belt and its load of passengers are carried. At the top and the bottom of the incline, the axles engage large sprocket wheels, the whole system returning below the sprockets and moving over them in the form of an endless chain or belt. Power to drive the device is furnished by an electric motor.

A hand-rail at the side travels at the same rate as the steps. To make the ascent it is merely sufficient for the passenger to stand upon any particular step and remain there, although the ascent may, of course, be made more quickly by walking from step to step as the elevator ascends. If this proves to be a practical success, it is likely that the new device will be substituted for the present fixed stairways at all the elevated stations. It should be mentioned that the particular moving stairway of which we present a section was shown at the last Paris Exposition and was awarded the Grand Prix.—Scientific American.

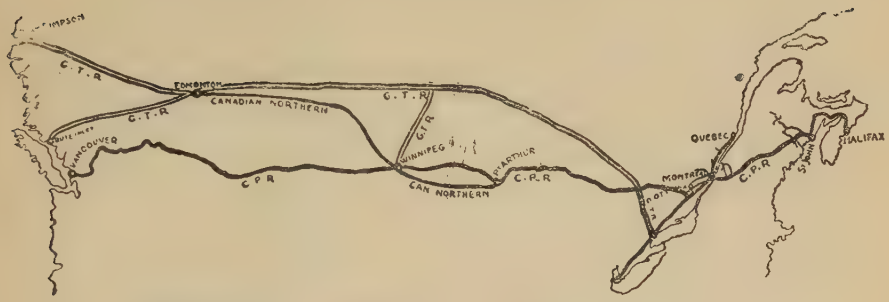
Twentieth Century Inventions.

Two remarkable inventions, says The Christian Advocate, are now attracting wide attention. One is a phonograph that, according to the London Daily Mail, shouts so loudly that every word can be heard at a distance of ten miles. A shorthand writer ten miles away can take down the message as easily as if you were dictating to him in a small room. It appears like an ordinary phonograph, with a large trumpet measuring four feet in length. Inside the trumpet there is a small and delicate piece of mechanism that looks something like a whistle. The records are not taken on wax in the usual manner, but a sapphire needle is made to cut the dots representing the sound vibrations on a silver cylinder, and when the needle travels over the metal a second time, the vibrations cause the whistle to produce a series of air waves. Experiments were made at the Devil's Dyke, Brighton, where the inventor, Mr. Horace L. Sort, has his workshops. At a distance of ten miles the sounds were plainly heard by a large number of people, every word being perfectly distinct, and at a second trial, with a favourable wind, it was found that an unknown message could be taken down in shorthand at a distance of twelve miles, and over the water the sounds would go still farther. It is proposed to place them on lighthouses and lightships, to give a verbal warning, vastly more effective than foghorns.

The other is a patent centrifugal quick-firing machine gun, invented by James Judge, a well-known engineer of Newcastle, England. This gun can rotate a disc at the rate of 12,000 revolutions a minute, eject shots from the muzzle with an initial velocity of 2,000 feet a second, and maintain a continuous fire, for a shot may be discharged at every half revolution. Eighteen thousand rounds of shot, at the rate of 3,000 a minute, have already been discharged from the gun in the experiments. Special bearings are used, similar to those in Parson's turbines, which can revolve at the rate of 22,000 revolutions a minute, and Levall's motor, which revolves at the rate of 30,000 a minute.

The phonograph is described editorially, in the London Daily Mail, and the powderless machine gun, operated by centrifugal force, by the London Times, neither of which papers is in the habit of perpetrating an elaborate joke.

Current Topics and Events.



PROJECTED ROUTE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Canada's Growing Time.

Before the construction of the Canadian Pacific, Canada was described as a giant without bones. That great road gave it its spinal column, and many railway extensions since have created a strongly articulated skeleton. The growth of our North-West has shown the need for more railways, and the bold enterprise of the Grand Trunk Pacific calls the attention of the civilized world to the growth of Canada—now more rapid than that of any other in the world. Other signs of our remarkable development are multiplying. The enormous increase of our exports and imports, especially exports of the products of the field, the forest, and the mine; the discovery of new oil and gas wells, the harnessing the illimitable power of our waterfalls, in which Canada is richer than any other land; and its most recent aspect, the exchange of Cape Breton coal for Swedish iron, to be converted in this country into high-class steel, are all auguries of our great future, and of our important place in the world-wide British Empire.

The above sketch map, prepared from the design of an official of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, shows in bare outline the projected route of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. As will be seen, the railway will run far to the north of the line of the Canadian Pacific, and even of the Canadian Northern (now in course of construction). Mr. Hayes, the General Manager, states that as a general thing it is the intention to follow the original route laid out by Sir Sanford Fleming for the Canadian Pacific in 1872, which was afterwards abandoned. The new line will, it is probable, run about 100 miles to the north of Winnipeg (with a branch to that city), and from there to the Rockies will average from 100 to 200 miles to the north. Of course, the route is to a large extent conjectural, but the above map shows the scheme as it is outlined in the plans of the Grand Trunk management. The absolute details will depend upon the result of the surveys.

The work will involve the building of 2,500 to 3,000 miles of railway, and the expenditure of about $96,000,000.

Port Simpson, its Pacific terminal, says the New York World, is said to be the finest harbour north of San Francisco. The distance from Quebec to Yokohama, Japan, by the new line will be 722 miles shorter than by way of Vancouver, the Canadian Pacific's terminus. It will run through a country that now grows 52,000,000 bushels of wheat, and will have for traffic-feeders the provinces of Alberta, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan, which have immense stores of petroleum oil and coal of both kinds waiting to be mined.

It has besides a political and military significance. Englishmen are talking of it as a checkmate to Russia's Trans-Siberian Railway, and claiming that over its tracks troops from England could be sent into Manchuria four days sooner than Russian troops sent from Moscow could reach Vladivostock; also that British troops could be sent over it to either China or India in three weeks less time than by the Suez Canal.

A Defaulting Debtor.

The so-called republic of Venezuela, which is rather an absolute dictatorship, presuming on the protection

offered by Grover Cleveland, has been repudiating her debts and treating with insolence the demands of Britain and Germany. But a saner and wiser hand is at the helm in the United States, and President Roosevelt refuses to shield the reckless republic from the consequences of its folly.

Great Britain and Germany are doing some police or bailiff duty to the defaulting republic. The railway which connects the port of Guayra with the capital, built with English money, is one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering in the world.

While the journey to Caracas presents many attractions, it has its disconcerting phases as well, as it is not uncommon to hear falling on the roof of the car stones and earth disturbed by the vibration of the train, and the danger of heavy landslides is very great during the rainy season. The road, however, is carefully watched by men stationed at intervals, in the same way as the C. P. R. is guarded in the Rockies. Before the railway was built it took from twelve to twenty hours to do the same distance as is now done in two and a half hours. The carriage road is now impassable.

Mr. Balfour explained in the House of Commons that the crux of the matter was a series of outrages by Venezuelans on British seamen and shipowners, for which not only had compensation been refused, but Great Britain's remonstrances had been entirely disregarded.

The Pacific Cable.

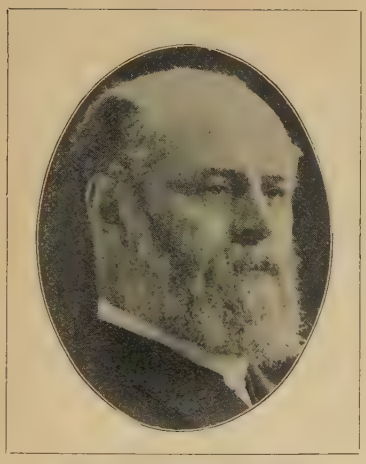
It is greatly to the credit of those far-flung colonies of the Empire, Canada and Australia, that they are so soon united by electric nerves with the motherland. Our cartoon shows John Bull as a sort of Happy Jim, offering to transmit a message for Brother Jonathan, who has very much the look of Jim Dumps.

John Bull: "I say, Sam, anything I can do for you South Pacificward?"
—The St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Queen's' New President.

It is a remarkable circumstance that three distinguished college presidents should have had their birth in the town of Pictou, in Nova Scotia. Sir William J. Dawson, president for many years of McGill University, Dr. George M. Grant, Principal of Queen's University, and Dr. Daniel M. Gordon, his successor in that important office. These distinguished men all sought subsequent training in Scotland, and all rendered distinguished service to their native land. Drs. Grant and Gordon traversed this broad continent by the bone-racking prairie-schooner and mountain mule long before the Canadian Pacific road was built. Dr. Gordon subsequently served his Church with distinction in the prairie city of Winnipeg, and later for some years as Professor of Apologetics in the Presbyterian College, Halifax. We wish for him great success at the head of the flourishing institution built up by the enterprise and energy of Dr. Grant. We rejoice at the growing rapprochement between two leading Protestant denominations in this land, the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. A

MAP SHOWING SCENES OF VENEZUELAN TROUBLE.



DR. DANIEL M. GORDON.

significant evidence of this is the fact that Dr. Gordon, at his late inaugural address to the students of the Presbyterian College, chose for his subject the life and character of John Wesley as set forth in his remarkable Journals. That lecture we shall have the pleasure of printing in the pages of this Magazine. We regard it as one of the many evidences of the closer drawing together of the bonds of peace and fellowship between these sister Churches.

A New Departure.

Toronto is, it seems, to have an independent journal, of which Mr. Willison, of The Globe, shall be the editor. Mr. Willison has exhibited many of the highest qualities of journalism—the open vision, the judicial mind, the clear insight, and remarkable facility for expression in English of classic elegance. We are confident that in the freer field to which he is called he will exhibit these qualities in still higher degree.

On the occasion of Mr. Willison's taking leave of The Globe, Mr. Robert Jaffray, in an admirable address, placed the press above the pulpit or the bar, as influencing public opinion. "The journalist," he said, "has to try and lead his fellow man, to try and create lofty impressions upon those of his readers with whom he comes in contact." A very just remark, yet through no fault of Mr. Willison's, we believe, The Globe has signally failed in this respect. When prohibition was the foremost subject before the public mind, discussed in nearly every pulpit and on scores of platforms throughout the land, in all the religious papers, and in many secular papers of the country, The Globe and most of the city papers were mute as oysters on this important question. The Globe gave, every day, reports of what occurred fifty and a hundred years ago, but not a word of counsel or leadership on this great question of to-day.

It was not ever thus. In a former temperance campaign The Globe sent its own commissioners to Maine to investigate the effects of prohibition there, and gave full and fair reports of their findings. The Globe could have rendered the cause of temperance and morality invaluable service by reprinting the gist of those reports, but not a line was given on the subject. We hope that the tremendous change in public sentiment in our towns and cities will show the city journals the fatuous and foolish policy of, like the ostrich, burying their heads in the sand and attempting to ignore the pressing problems of the day.

Before the Commission.

If the commission on the coal strike achieved nothing else for the miner, it has at least opened our eyes to his life. The eyes of all America have been turned to the shafts of her mines. When our grate-fires were out, and we were living on patent foods, we devoted more solid and sympathetic thought to the miners' lot than we did in all our lives before. Says The Independent: "Each miner produced more coal per working day in eight hours than he formerly produced in ten hours." The labour of miners is unusually arduous and hazardous. In the anthracite mines 2.6 persons are killed daily, three times that number are maimed, and few miners escape miners' asthma. "The miners are compelled to work in powder smoke, in foul air, many of them in water, and their work is difficult and exhausting. Reputable insurance companies will not issue policies to this class of workmen."

Advanced Wages for Railroad Employees.

In these days, when capital so often seems to tread on labour, and labour to bite the heels of capital, it is a most cheering promise of better things when we find great corporations of their own free will increasing the wages of their employees. A

step like this reveals a keen sense of justice, which is better than misplaced generosity. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company recently increased the wages of all its employees who were earning less than $200 per month, by ten per cent. The movement seems to be of national scope. The reasons assigned are the increased cost of living, the continued prosperity of the roads, and the right of the men to share this prosperity. It is quite possible that capital and labour are being educated to the point of seeing that their interests are identical, and that the industrial world may readjust itself without such wrenchings and overturnings as some extremists suggest.

A Messenger of Peace.

The visit of Britain's pro-consul to Africa, not to "gloat over the conquered Boers," as the rabid Continental press describes it, but to bring peace, prosperity, content to these vast regions, is a sign of the times. Never was Britain's magnanimity more clearly shown than during and since the war. Mr. Chamberlain would have closed the refuge camps at once, but at the earnest solicitation of the Boers he kept them open at a cost of a million dollars a month for the succour and protection of a conquered people. The fifteen million dollars given them is to be largely supplemented, a generosity which no nation ever showed before. Kruger and Leyds have managed to carry off two million and a half dollars, of which they refuse to give a penny to the suffering Boers, though earnestly besought by Botha, their leading representative. All the world contributed the beggarly sum of some six hundred thousand dollars, scarce half what Britain is giving every month. Botha confesses his mistake in minifying British generosity, and counsels loyalty and gratitude.

Agile Japanese Firemen.

In Japan the members of the fire departments in the larger towns and cities are regular gymnasts. Tokio, especially, has reason to be proud of its department, which consists of 1,640 volunteers, and about 200 paid men. The paid men wear woollen uniforms similar to those of the Japanese soldiers.

Owing to the extensive use of highly combustible material in the buildings of Tokio, the firemen have to work with even more rapidity than that seen in this country when fire breaks out. Ladders made of bamboo are used to scale walls and extend hose-pipes. Up and down these ladders the Japanese firemen run with almost

incredible rapidity. To secure agility at this the men go through a drill twice a day. Two or three men will stand a ladder up, and before you know it, another man has reached the top.

As fires are of frequent occurrence in Tokio, vigilance is the price of safety. The fastest of horses are employed by the fire chiefs, and the engines are made somewhat lighter than the American models. It is said that fires seldom get beyond the control of the agile members of the department.—Young People's Weekly.

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavour, not endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him who His wisdom and His power employs
In making others happy! —*Samuel Rogers.*

Religious Intelligence.

MARTYRS' MEMORIAL ARCH AT OBERLIN.

This beautiful monument commemorates the fourteen faithful witnesses for Jesus, connected with Oberlin University, who counted not their lives dear unto them, but gladly laid them down for the Lord they loved, in the late Boxer persecution in China. Every day hundreds of the students of Oberlin shall pass through this gate and catch inspiration from record of the heroism of the members of their own university. Their bodies sleep till the resurrection in a foreign land, but their souls, lo, they are alive for evermore. Intrepid and blessed spirits, "ye fought a good fight, ye finished your course, ye kept the faith, and the crown of righteousness is yours. Your names shall not perish; your deeds shall kindle in many hearts the deathless purpose to walk with God and do His will."

"Saved for Service."

The General Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held its annual gathering this year in Minneapolis. For thirty-three years the Executive has been holding its annual sessions in various great cities. Says the Western Christian Advocate: "The women who, somewhat falteringly, but with a belief that God was leading them, took the first steps toward organizing the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society something over thirty-three years ago, are now burdened with the success of their labours. They stand fairly bewildered by the number of doors of opportunity opening wide before them. More missionaries, more native workers, larger and more numerous schools and orphanages, and more money in every field, are the cries of the hour, to many of which there can be no response at present."

The Advocate attributes a large measure of this success to the good use the society has made of the printing-press. The Woman's Missionary Friend has a circulation of about twenty-two thousand. A smaller paper for the children has a circulation of twenty-five thousand, while during the year 1901 there were distributed free, through the various Branch meetings, two hundred and seventy thousand leaflets. Since its inception, the Society has received and distributed six million dollars. By far the greater part is received in small amounts, showing the sacrificing interest of a multitude, rather than of the wealthy few. The Society has now two hundred and forty-eight missionaries in the various fields. Truly, they are living up to their motto, "Saved for service."

Reaching the People.

The life of the Church depends not on the strength she is housing within her walls, but on the strength she is sending forth. "Go forth," was the parting message of the Master. The movement toward street preaching and preaching in public buildings is all along the line of recruiting our forces. The Methodist Times tells of a new departure made by the Rev. J. E. Wakerley and his colleagues of the Central Mission, London. These brethren held a Sunday evening ser-

vice in the Grand Theatre, thereby getting a congregation of 2,500 persons, and these of a class of people that are not usually reached by the Church. There is every need in our Church work of wisdom and tact, as well as consecration. It is a mighty warfare that we wage, and there is a place for generalship, as well as courage.

But we must not lose sight of the Church itself in these evangelistic movements. We must not, in our efforts at reaching, lose sight of the need of retaining. Every child of God needs the atmosphere of a church home around him, from the hour he is born into the Kingdom. These efforts are but the outer encampments of the Church.

The distribution of the Century Fund in England begins in January next. The Chapel Committee has heretofore had only £10,000 for distribution, now it will have £300,000. The rural districts are already feeling the stimulus resulting from the fund. The churches are being transformed, and bright school-rooms are everywhere in evidence, where formerly were dilapidated structures.

But special prominence is being given to the social element in church life. Proper school and vestry accommodation to hold the young is to be one of the first considerations. They feel the need of a church parlour in connection with every Sunday-school. The needs of the army and navy are also being recognized. Says The Times, "Methodism has become a great National, nay, an Imperial Church, and it is meet that she should take her full share in providing for the social, the moral, and the religious well-being of our soldiers and sailors." The mission halls, too, with their plans for uplifting the masses, are to be generously aided.

Fired With Missionary Zeal.

The meeting of the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Albany, N.Y., has afforded cause for general rejoicing. Last year, at the meeting held in Pittsburg, the order for retreat had to be sounded. Owing to lack of finances, and the pressure of debt, many native ministers had to be sent home, and there was a reduction of eight per cent. in the salaries of those in the field.

But this retrenchment cut deep into the heart of Methodism. The Church roused herself as from sleep; and the meeting at Albany this year has been a complete contrast, a paean of victory. Instead of retrenching this year, the committee is enabled to increase its appropriation by about $135,000. "Bishop Thoburn's face," says one writer, "was wet for India," and "Bishop Moore could not keep back the tears, when the new appropriations were made for Eastern Asia." Dr. Homer C. Stuntz, in his plea for the Philippines, was interrupted as he spoke by subscriptions of from $100 to $500, the total amounting to $3,000, for his new church in Manila.

The Christian Conquest Movement.

This movement originated in the United States shortly after President McKinley's assassination. Its object is definite and practical teaching of Christian citizenship, and the rallying of all Christian forces under one flag for world-wide evangelism. A small card sets forth, "The Creed of Christian Patriotism," which is a brief but very instructive lesson on the duties of citizenship in a Christian land. The movement was originated by the Rev. S. M. Johnson, who resigned the pastorate of Austin Presbyterian Church, Chicago, to devote himself to the work. Dr. Johnson designed a flag bearing a cross and the words, "By this sign, conquer." This flag he associates with the national flag of each country. The flag and emblem are rapidly being adopted by Sunday-schools, young people's societies, and churches.

Millions for Missions.

At the recent missionary convention in Cleveland, it was voted unanimously that if the Methodist Episcopal Church is to do her share in proclaiming salvation to men, her regular missionary givings must be increased to an average of $1 per member, which would mean a total of $3,000,000 a year. Leaders in the mission field say there is need of a reinforcement of two hundred and forty-eight missionaries in the near future. Besides this, home claims are pressing. Especially is this true in our own land with the plains of the West opening up before us.

W. C. T. U.

At the twenty-ninth annual convention of the National W. C. T. U., held recently in Portland, Me., the Prohibition State had the honour of welcoming into its midst the world's president, the honoured and loved Lady Henry Somerset, as well as five hundred delegates from distant States and lands. The religious press speaks with the highest commendation of the splendid work and executive ability of Mrs. Lilian M. N. Stevens, the national president. The convention was also very pleased to have as a guest Rev. Henry Sanders, of London, whose East Side parish numbers seventeen thousand.

We are glad to present such an adequate treatment of the life-work of the great and good man whom God has taken from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, Hugh Price Hughes. Mr. Harrison knew this leader of men for years, and can speak of his work with competent knowledge. We hope the day is far distant when his great colleague of the West London Mission shall follow his life-long friend and leader. Mr. Hughes made it a condition of going to that mission that Mark Guy Pearse should go with him. Each was the complement of the other. The very dissimilarity of character and manner filled the other's lack, and made them together a marvellous power to touch the souls of men. Although Hugh Price Hughes was not the originator, or rather reviver, of the institution of English deaconesses—that honour belongs to Dr. Bowman Stephenson—yet he more widely than any other adapted the organization to the manifold needs of the modern Church. His wife became a leader of the movement, and the West London Mission demonstrated its vast possibilities for good.

Christian Unity.

The able paper by Dr. Chown, on Christian Unity, in this number, is a very timely contribution to the solution of one of the most important problems of Christendom, and especially important in view of the advances towards its solution already made by the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches of this country. We believe that, as Canada has had the honour of leading in the great union movements of the severed branches of these two Churches, it shall have the further honour of leading in the union of these Churches, or at least, a federal compact which shall enable them to act as one in the great work to which in the providence of God they are called. There is much more unity of purpose and of effort among the Churches than they get credit for.

We are meeting continually fresh evidences of Christian co-operation both at home and in the mission field. During 1901 the Y. M. C. A. of the United States, an undenominational organization, dedicated 23 city association buildings and 15 railway buildings, and spent in all over $10,000,000 in Association work. A late number of The Westminster notes the growing friendliness of all branches of the Christian Church, and asks for still larger co-operation so as to prevent overlapping in the mission fields. This is the pronounced policy of the great missionary societies, which co-operate harmoniously in mapping out their work. In Japan not only different Churches, but different nations, combine, as our own and the United States, in maintaining a Methodist college in that land.

What bond ever so united men of different races, different Churches, different political affinities as the Christian religion? Do we find it in politics, with its bitter antagonisms in the press, the platform, the legislature? Do we find it in trade, with its keen rivalries and competitions, with its strikes and lock-outs? Do we find it in professional life, with its not infrequent jealousies and mutual disparagements and criticisms? Do we find it in literature, with its cliques and schools and spites? Witness the bitter things said by the great critic, author, and poet, Henley, about his deceased friend, Stevenson.

The world has known nothing so unifying, ennobling and elevating as the religion of Jesus Christ, which from the time of the protomartyr Stephen to that of the thousands of victims of the Boxer rebellion in China has prayed for its enemies and persecutors, "Lay not this sin to their charge."

The Churches Arraigned.

We are sorry to find in so excellent a monthly as The Canadian Magazine the following arraignment of the Christian Churches:

"The Catholic and the Protestant, the Methodist and the Baptist, the

Presbyterian and the Episcopalian, are at enmity collectively and individually. 'Peace on earth and good will towards men' too often means only peace and good will to your own particular Church and its members. Even in the missionary field, where union and co-operation are most needed and most necessary, there is only competition and unfriendliness.

"As is the Church, so is the Church member. When he finds the Church does not love its neighbour as itself, he feels justified in oppressing his neighbours. When he finds the Church is intolerant of opposition, fond of passing glory, eager to amass wealth, envious to be a great power in society, willing to compromise with the world if it be profitable—he practises the same virtues. In all things temporal and spiritual the Church standards are the standards of the Church member. For the lukewarmness of the members the D.D.s and bishops are responsible. Their selfishness has prevented the Church attaining ideal unselfishness."

We appeal to the sense of candour of our readers whether this is a correct picture of the Churches of this land. Are the Churches animated by the mutual hostilities which are here described? Though they may be superficially separated like the waves, they are in essence one, like the fathomless sea. They stand as one in their efforts for righteousness, for truth, for temperance, for purity, for higher ideals of civilization and humanity. They are the embodiment of that passionate charity that remembers the forgotten, visits the forsaken, that seeks and saves that which was lost, and sends forth its missionaries and its money to the ends of the earth to bring the heathen world to a knowledge of the truth. It is easy to stand aside and gibe at the Churches, but they are not the truest friends of humanity who traduce and disparage and malign the greatest agency God has ever created for the uplift of the world.

So far are the Methodists from feeling the petty jealousies with which they are charged, they rejoice at every effort to extend the Redeemer's Kingdom. We have welcomed to this periodical contributions from such representative men of the Anglican and Presbyterian Churches as the late Bishop Fuller, Principal Grant, Dr. McMullen, Dr. Laing, Principal Caven and other writers not of our own Church.

Death of J. Wesley Smith.

Some one has said, "If you would wine the love of men, do them good." That is why Halifax mourns so deeply the death of one of her foremost citizens, Mr. J. Wesley Smith. Mr. Smith was a living example of "consecration in the pew." One of the foremost business men of Halifax, he demonstrated the fact that business can be conducted on strictly Christian principles. Says The Wesleyan: "He was one of the band of young men who, between thirty and forty years ago, by their evangelistic zeal and faithful work among the lowly, laid the foundations of the missions which have now grown into Charles Street, Kaye Street, and Oxford Street churches." To have one's name written in the foundations of three churches—what a monument! Mr. Smith left about $60,000 to various branches of Methodist Church work, and about $30,000 to educational and charitable institutions.

Death of Principal MacVicar.

The Presbyterian Church, and its college at Montreal, have suffered a severe loss by the death of Principal MacVicar, who died suddenly in his room at the college, December 15th. Being late for his lecture, an unprecedented event, one of the students went to his room and found him unconscious in his chair. In a few minutes he passed away. For thirty-four years he was principal of the college, and saw it grow from the feeblest beginnings to its position of prominence and vigour. He took an active part in the religious and educational life of his Province, and of the Dominion, and wrote much on educational and theological subjects. He was a broad-minded, cultured, Christian gentleman. He did much to promote comity and good will between the Churches.

In this Magazine much space will be given to the Wesley bicentenary. Our preachers and teachers will find ample material for the study and exposition of the great religious movement of the eighteenth century, which saved England from the horrors of a French Revolution, which so largely spread scriptural holiness throughout the land, and which gave such an impulse to Methodist missions throughout the wide world.

Book Notices.

"The Testament of our Lord." Translated into English from the Syriac. With Introduction and Notes by James Cooper, D.D., and Arthur John Maclean, M.A., F.R.G.S. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xiv-269.

The well-known firm of T. & T. Clark, whose Ante-Nicene library we have personally found to be invaluable in the study of the early ages of the faith, is rendering a new service to Christian scholarship by the issue of this important book. It is a translation from the Syriac of an apocryphal work of early date. It professes to give the words of our Lord and His last message to His disciples after His resurrection. It is described as His last will or testament, in which He provides them with rules for the conduct of their work. It is thus of the same class as the famous Didache, or Teaching of the Twelve, but much more extensive, filling ninety printed pages.

It is ascribed to Clement of Rome, a disciple of Peter, and gives an apocalypse of the future, of the portents of the times and the overthrow of Satan. It sets forth directions for the organization of the Church, its various orders, presbyters, deacons, sub-deacons, widows, virgins, catechumens, and the like, directions for the observance of the eucharist, the agape, paschal solemnities, hours of prayer, visitation of the sick, and burial of the dead. Much of it is liturgical in character, and many of the prayers and hymns are in a very noble and lofty strain. The ritual of ordination of the various officers is set forth, and their duties. These are a note of its post-apostolic origin, after the organization of the Church has been fully developed. The one hundred and eighty pages of notes on the characteristics of this remarkable book, on its date, authorship, place of writing, and parallel literature, give it an enhanced value.

"Recollections of a Long Life." An Autobiography. By Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D.D., LL.D. Author of "Help and Good Cheer," etc. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-356. Price, $1.50 net.

For sixty years Dr. Cuyler has been a preacher of righteousness. He has preached more widely with his pen than even with his tongue. Few men have reached such millions of readers as he in his strong, terse, vital papers of practical religion. In this book he gathers up the recollections of a long, useful, and happy life. He gives striking incidents and anecdotes and brief character studies of some of the distinguished men whom he has known, Wordsworth, Dickens, Carlyle, Gladstone, Shaftesbury, Dean Stanley, Guthrie, Hall, Spurgeon, Storrs, Beecher, Finney, Haven, Schaff, Whittier, Abraham Lincoln, and many others. He gives vivid pictures of the great temperance reform and of his co-workers, of the Civil War and his part therein, of his pulpit work, revival experience, home life, and the joys of a Christian ministry. The book is so full of interest and inspiration that we purpose making it the subject of a special article in this magazine, to be accompanied by a fine portrait of the venerable author.

"Pascal and the Port Royalists." By William Clark, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix-235. Price, $1.25.

Professor Clark in this book, as well as in his famous Life of Savonarola, has gone to original sources and studied comprehensively the literature of the subject. Pascal the man, he asserts, is far greater than Pascal the writer, though his works are of incomparable merit. "The greatness of Pascal," he says, "lifts him above all ordinary expressions of praise or admiration. He towers above all save the very greatest of the sons of men." Pascal was one of the great geniuses of the French nation, but his special note was his genius for religion. As a mathematician he rivalled in capacity the great Sir Isaac Newton. But his noblest work is his famous "Thoughts," a contribution to "An Apology for the Christian Religion." His "Provincial Letters" brought down on himself and the Port Royalists the undying hate of the Jesuit order, and the destruction of that sanctuary of learning and of piety, Port Royal. Of Dr. Clark's charming literary style may be said, as Johnson said of Gold-

smith's, "Non tetigit quid non ornavit." The story of Port Royal will be the subject of a special article in an early number of this magazine.

"The Words of Jesus." Considered in the light of post-biblical Jewish writings and the Aramaic language. By Gustaf Dalman. Authorized English version by D. M. Kay, B.D., B.Sc. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xiv-350.

This is a piece of thorough-going German scholarship made accessible to English readers by the translation of a Scottish professor. It discusses exhaustively the subject of Aramaic as the language of the Jews, and the Hebraisms and Aramaisms of the Gospels. It regards as formally established the fact that Jesus Christ spoke in Aramaic to the Jews, and that the apostles preached, though not exclusively, in that language. The author then takes up certain fundamental ideas in the words of Jesus, as, Eternal Life; the divine names, the Son of Man, the Son of God; the titles Messiah and Christ, and other subjects of vital importance. The book is one of profound and accurate scholarship, and cannot fail to be of much service in throwing additional light on the words of Jesus.

"The Valley of Decision." By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 656. Price, $1.50.

This book records the failure of a high purpose and noble endeavour. A hundred and thirty years ago Italy was divided into a number of petty kingdoms and duchies, the feudal system prevailed, the rulers were oppressive, the people were plundered, the Church and the Inquisition were the dominant powers. Great areas lay waste, and palaces and convents multiplied. Odo Valsecca was the heir of the moribund Duke of Pianura. As a preparation for his succession he studied arms, visited the courts of Turin, Naples, Rome, and Venice, and had many adventures. Under the inspiration of the rising poet, Alfieri, and of a new school of Italian patriots and liberals, he glowed with enthusiasm for the elevation of the people, and their relief from the feudal oppressions of the nobles. Succeeding to the dukedom, he endeavoured to carry out his high purpose, to grant a constitutional government, to restrict the powers of the monks and the nobles. But the forces of the Holy Office, the apathy of the peasants, the antagonism of the townsmen and the feudal lords thwarted his purpose, broke his will, crushed his endeavours, and drove him from his throne. The French Revolution was overthrowing both throne and altar in the dust, and breaking for ever the power of feudalism, but Italy was still shackled with the fetters of ignorance and superstition.

The literary treatment of the theme is of remarkable excellence. The knowledge of the times, the analysis of character, the grace of diction are worthy of George Eliot or Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The Jesuits are described as the greatest organized opposition to moral and intellectual freedom that the world has ever known. The pictures of the period reveal a moral deterioration which it is difficult to conceive.

"Russian Life in Town and Country." By Francis H. E. Palmer. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-320. Price, $1.20 net.

We have had occasion to commend very highly the previous volumes of "Our European Neighbours." They are written with full knowledge of conditions resulting from long residence, such as the rapid tourist by no means obtains. This is especially true of the volume on Russia, which, in the author's phrase, is hidden behind a veil. Through St. Petersburg, its western window, it looks out upon Europe. But St. Petersburg is only a Russian Paris or Vienna. Indeed, the Russian civilization is a thin veneer over Slavic semi-barbarism. Of this the savage treatment of the Jews, the Stundists, the Doukhobors, and other religious dissenters, is striking proof.

Less than twelve per cent. of the nation reside in towns. Russia is the youngest and least developed of European nations. The priest asks the peasant in confession, "Have you stolen anything, got drunk, beaten your wife unduly, or told a lie?" Yet the Russians are religious in their way. The church service is impressive, the singing superb, although no organ nor instrument is used. "The priest," says our author, "is shunned by the peasantry, snubbed by the nobles, brow-beaten by his bishop."

The winter life is austere; in spring and fall the roads are impassable. The Russians have but little taste for outdoor sports such as give special charm to winter in Canada.

The press censorship is very rigorous, but sometimes queer mistakes occur. An innocent yacht race was severely blacked out, and the seditious paragraph overlooked. The censorship often piques curiosity, and the condemned paper or article is zealously sought. The Jews are loyal to their faith, though suffering bitter persecution. The book is strikingly illuminative of a country but little known outside of a beaten track.

"Fuel of Fire." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," etc. With eight illustrations by Fred. Pegram. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-336. Price, $1.75.

Methodism is more than ever making its influence felt in the lighter literature which is read by the million. Miss Thorneycroft Fowler, the daughter of that distinguished statesman, Sir Henry Fowler, and granddaughter of a Methodist minister; Mr. J. H. Yoxall, a Methodist member of Parliament; Silas and James Hocking, John Ackworth, and many others, have written books that have won the ear and heart of the world. Miss Fowler's latest story does not deal with Methodism so much as some of her earlier ones, but it is marked by the sparkling epigram and repartee which characterize all her writings. The prologue is a prose poem which can almost be scanned in blank verse, musical, vivid in portraiture, and tragic in topic. The rest of the book is in lighter vein. An old legend declared that—

"First by the King and then by the State,
And thirdly by that which is thrice as great
As these, and a thousandfold stronger and higher,
Shall Baxendale Hall be made fuel of fire."

The third fulfilment of this prediction is the theme of her tale. Few things could be more tragical than the situation of Laurence Baxendale when confirmation, "strong as Holy Writ," it seemed, convicted the woman whom he loved of firing the ancestral pile to get its hundred thousand pounds insurance, and so permit their marriage. The solution of the mystery, the clearing of her character, form the plot of the book. Some of the character drawing is wonderfully strong; that of the monomaniac, Rufus Webb, who, a missionary in China, had slain his wife to save her from a worse fate from the Boxers of that day, is a gruesome figure. The clever sketch of Mrs. Candy, the garrulous lodge-keeper's wife, is as good as any of Thomas Hardy's Wessex folk. The author has added a new chaplet to her laurels in this book.

"Cecilia." A Story of Modern Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. Pp. 421. Price, $1.50.

This is a story of human friendship stronger than that of Damon and Pythias, or of David and Jonathan, a friendship which endured the greatest possible strain and proved faithful to the end. It is a striking picture of that Roman life which Marion Crawford knows so well, and which he so vividly describes. There is interwoven with it a fantastic theory of metempsychosis, which is not needed to explain the world-old problem which it discusses. It treats also of telepathy and the charlatanry of spiritualism. The book maintains the high standard of the reputation of the author of "Saracinesca," and "Ave Roma Immortalis."

"Bayou Triste." A story of Louisiana. By Josephine Hamilton Nicholls. 12mo, cloth, illustrated. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This is a dainty and sympathetic sketch of life in Louisiana by the daughter of Chief Justice Nicholls, of the Supreme Court of that State. She writes with full knowledge of the negro character, with indulgence for its weakness, and admiration of its many virtues. The strange blending of fidelity and unconscious audacity, of jealousy for the dignity of the family, and unwarranted means of maintaining it even by interfering with its most sacred rights, the proud integrity and honour of the simple old creole woman, and the trust in human nature, though often deceived and betrayed, of Colonel Lossing, a gentleman of the olden time, are all admirably portrayed. It is one of the most illuminative books on Southern life that we have read, worthy of a place with Cable's immortal studies. This book has four handsome halftones.

"Euclid." His Life and System. By Thomas Smith, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. vi-227.

The first acquaintance with Euclid is an epoch in the intellectual history of many a boy or girl. It reveals a new method of argument, which is often a keen delight. But many who study Euclid have no idea who he was nor the history of the science which he established. Dr. Smith has written a very racy and readable book on what might be thought a very dry subject. But Professor Smith, now in his eighty-fifth year, has infused a humour and vivacity into his book, giving it a rare charm. Much information is given on the history and outlook of geometry, on the Alexandrian school, on mathematics applied to astronomy, optics, navigation, and the like. "A. K. H. B." are the well-known initials of that genial essayist, Dr. Boyd, of St. Andrew's University. A scapegrace student affixed these letters to the angles of a rhomboid on the blackboard, and proceeded with preternatural gravity, "Let A. K. H. B. be a rum-Boyd."

"Hebrew Ideals." From the Story of the Patriarchs. By the Rev. James Strachan, M.A. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 204. Price, 2s.

This book is not a critical analysis of documents, but a sympathetic interpretation of ideals. It brings before us more clearly those grand old characters of Holy Writ, the patriarchs whose story displays the ideal of fellowship between God and man. This old story of the days when the earth was young yet appeals strongly to these twentieth century times. It is a record of life and character, joy and sorrow, eating and drinking, love and war. "All the sunshine and shadow of life are found in the story." Patriotism, service, worship, discipline, friendship, decision, recompense, wealth, warfare, valour, leadership, fellowship, peace, righteousness, liberty, justice, virtue, honour, and blessing, prayer and providence, faith and hope, are all found in the old patriarchal life, and their teachings for to-day are strikingly set forth.

"The Pentateuch in the Light of To-Day." Being a simple introduction to the Pentateuch on the lines of the Higher Criticism. By Alfred Holborn, M.A. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. ix-113. Price, 2s.

This small book embodies the substance of a course of lectures delivered to teachers in London under the auspices of the Sunday-school Union. They are here enlarged and adapted for the general reader. They give, in concise form, the results of the so-called higher criticism as to the composition of these venerable books, their origin, date, principles of composition, sequence, and union of the original documents, and the like. They throw much light on the varying accounts of the creation and deluge, the twofold names of the Almighty, and other difficulties which meet the biblical student.

Books Received.

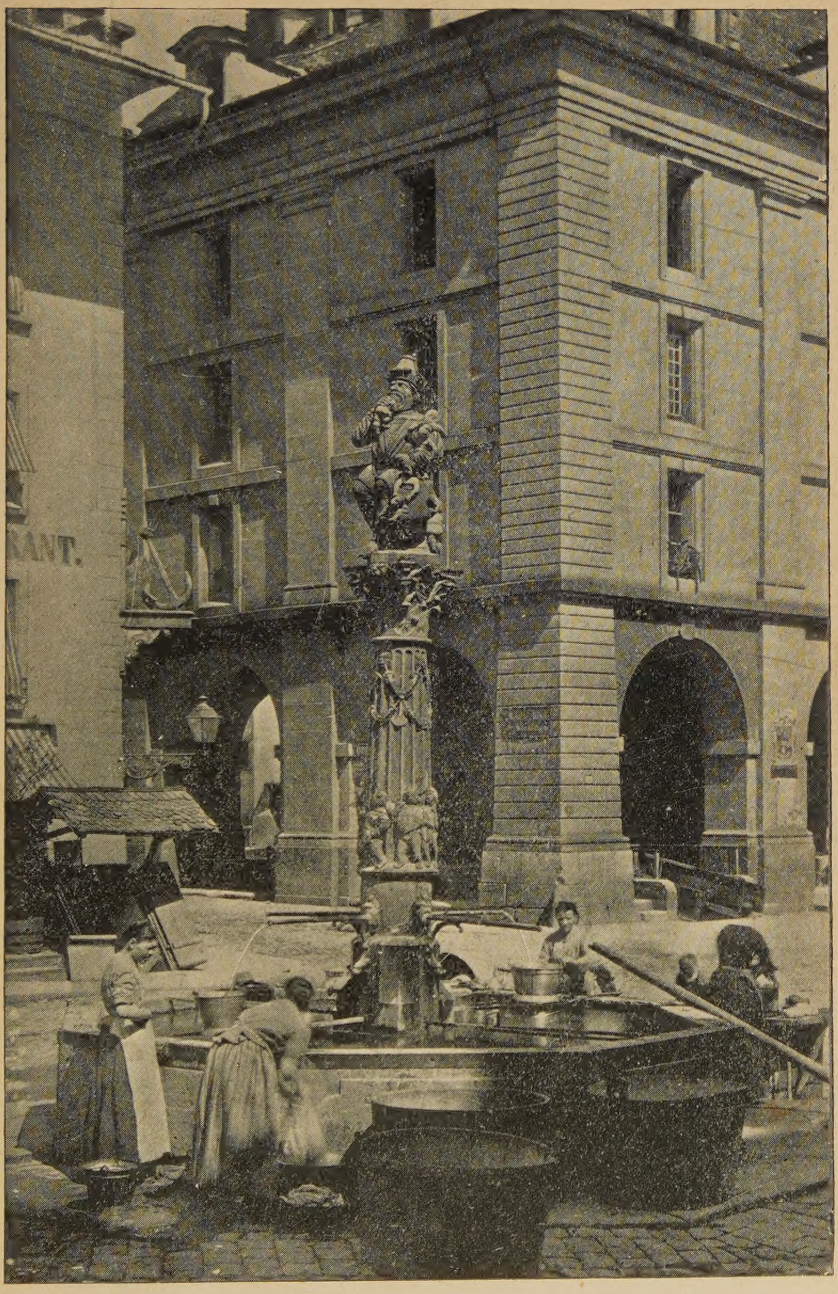
"My New Curate." A story gathered from the stray leaves of an old diary. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., Doneraile (Diocese of Cloyne). Author of "Geoffrey Austin : Student," etc. Boston : Marlier & Co., Limited. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. x-480.

"The Spirit of the Ghetto." Studies of the Jewish quarter in New York. By Hutchins Hapgood. With drawings from life by Jacob Epstein. New York : Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 312. Price, $1.35 net.

"In the Gates of Israel." Stories of the Jews. By Herman Bernstein. New York : J. F. Taylor & Company. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 316. Price, $1.50.

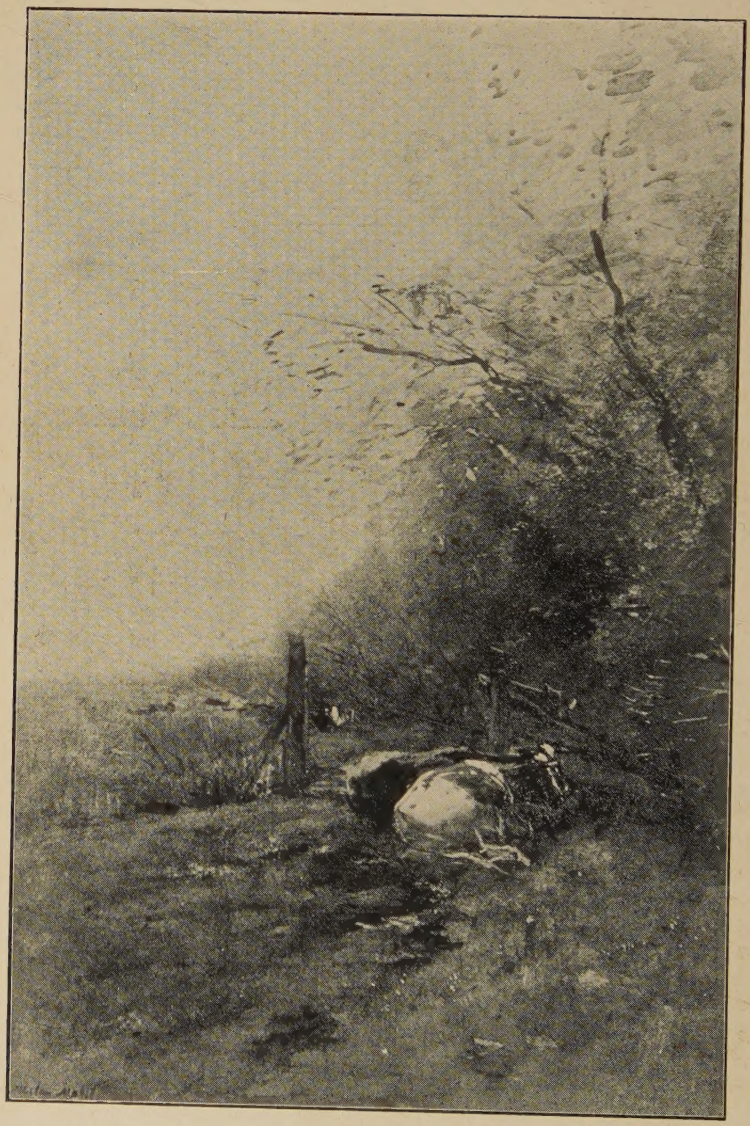
"The Long Straight Road." By George Horton. Illustrated by Troy and Margaret West Kinney. Toronto : McLeod & Allen. Pp. 401. Price, $1.25.

George N. Morang & Company, Toronto, are the Canadian agents for "New France and New England," as also for all the publications of the Macmillan and Outlook Companies. The Morang Co's. winter book list, "Chests of Gold," is filled with nuggets of richest ore.



THE OGRE FOUNTAIN, BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

In Berne, the capital of Switzerland, are many quaint fountains, in which a grotesque humour is displayed. In the Ogre Fountain a hideous figure has his pockets full of children, others protrude from his girdle, while he is devouring another helpless innocent. Around the base of the column marches a procession of bears, from which animal the town is named. The fountain is a centre for gossip and for laundry and culinary purposes.



A QUIET CORNER. —W. Maris.

"Water-colour Painters of Holland."